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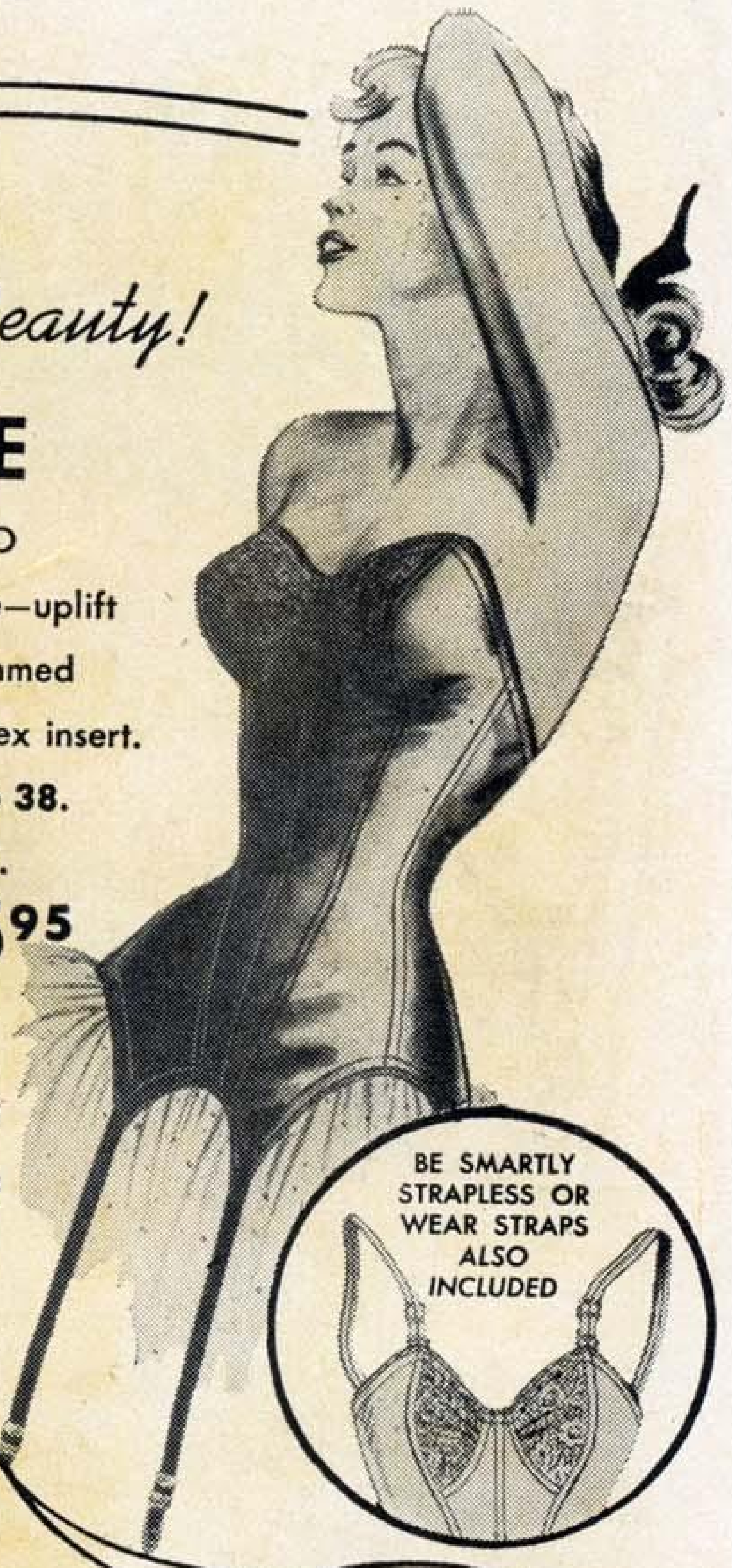

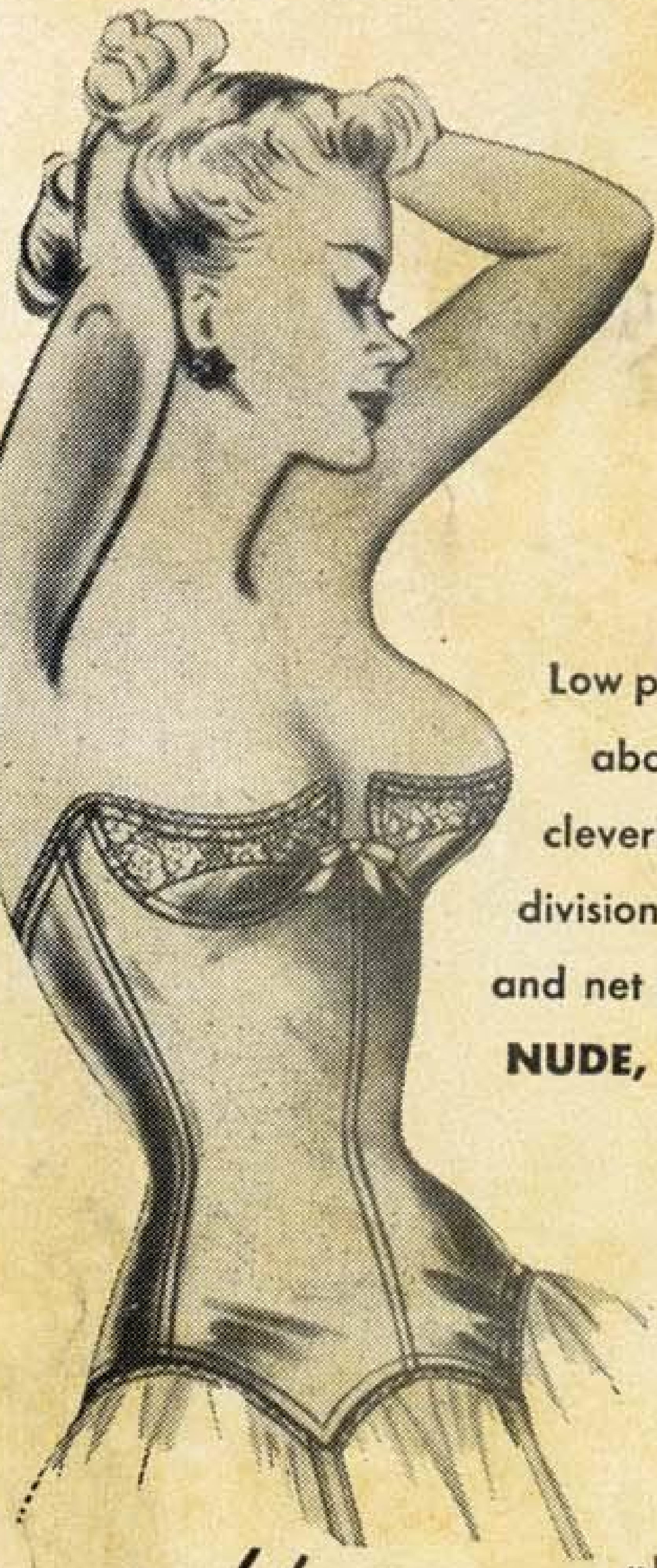

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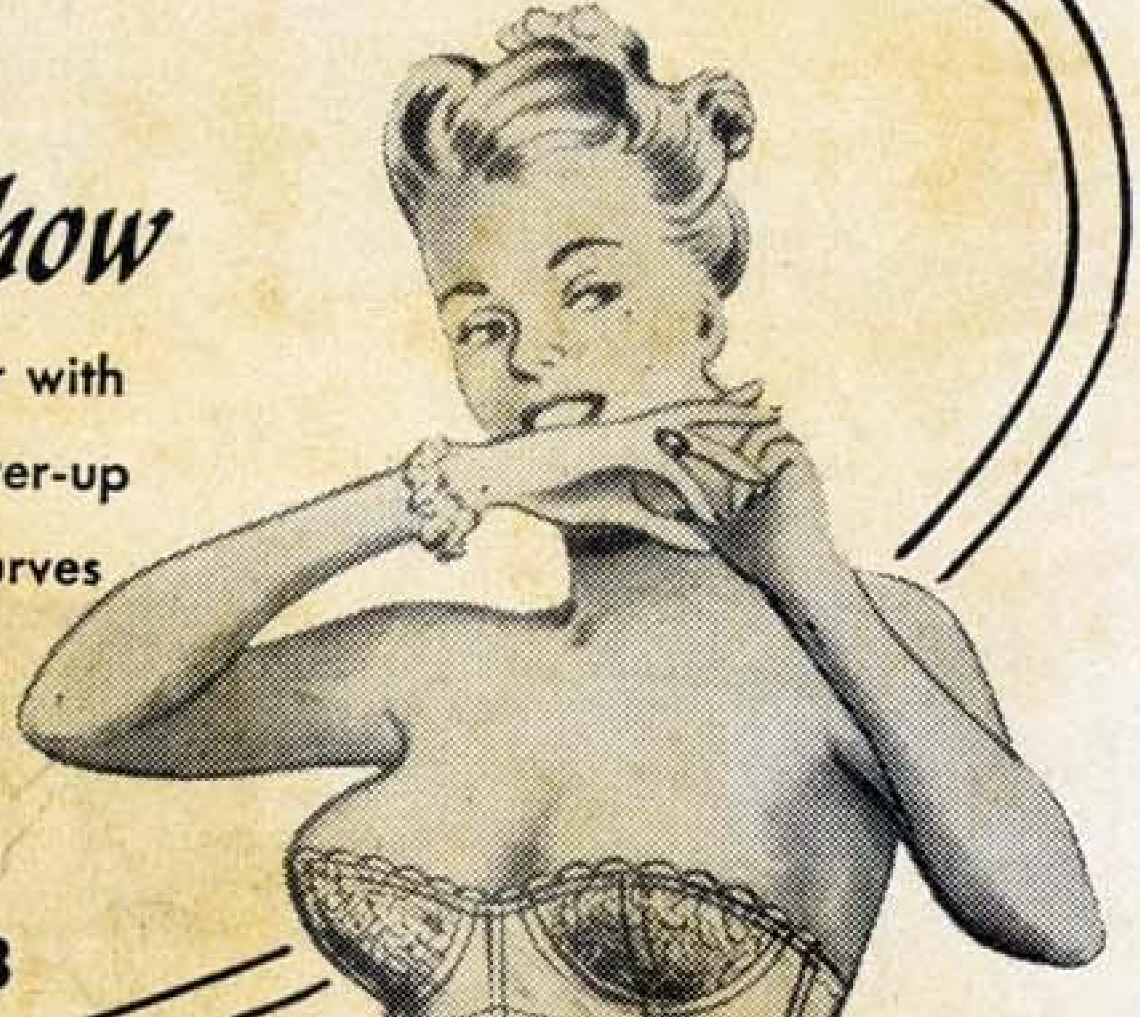

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Love finds a Medium

TED WAS A DEADHEAD WHEN IT CAME TO SUPERNATURAL IDEAS. BUT WHEN A SITUATION DEMANDED ACTION—THAT WAS ANOTHER STORY!

By RITA COLLINS

"YOUR birthday's in October, isn't it, Ted?" I asked, desperately trying to keep my voice in the ordinary tones of everyday conversation. Ted Stacey seems to have supersensitive ears. Or maybe he's just on my telepathic wave lengths. I'll look into the matter some day. Anyhow, he always knows when I have a new project cooking, even before it's half done—and he always puts a gentle damper on my spirits.

"Yes," he answered, quite occupied with his own thoughts and unaware of my hidden purposes, "October 13th, to be exact." He shifted our books from one arm to the other and stared moodily ahead, as we walked home from school.

"Well," I went on, "that means you were born under the sign of . . ."

The sound of two heavy history books thumping to the sidewalk interrupted me, and I turned questioningly to Ted, who stood glued to the spot. His usually placid gray eyes were shadowed with a wild, desperate horror. "Midge," he choked, "you aren't going in for that stuff again—*are* you?"

The situation obviously required drastic measures, so I decided to confide in him. "Ted," I said sweetly, "don't be silly. You know I never go in for the same project twice."

"That's the trouble," she said mournfully. "I never know what to expect. Three months ago it was mediums, and you would not believe they were fakers until they were run out of town. Two months ago it was palmists, and I had to show you how they got their information before you'd forget them. And last month it was astrology. But you promised me you were off that for good. But now you're back to signs of the zodiac! Just how much do you expect . . ."

"But, Ted, I'm *not* going in for the same thing again. I just mentioned it because you always get so excited about these things, and I wanted to explain this to you tactfully." I tried to look as if I was close to tears. It worked—Ted can't bear weeping women.

"All right," he said wearily. "What is it?"

"Well," I began more cheerfully. "Do you remember the carnival we went to last Saturday?" He nodded so I hurried on. "And you remember the fortune-telling booth we went into?" Suspicion was creeping over Ted's features so I continued quickly, "And how good . . ."

I was not allowed to finish my sales talk. We'd been walking peacefully along, when suddenly Ted grabbed my arm and we stopped again. His expression was grim. "Midge, I don't know what you're driving at, but I don't like the sound of it. These brain storms of yours are always getting me into hot water. And don't you realize that the class bazaar is only one week away and we don't even have the feature attraction yet?"

"But that's exactly why I'm telling you what I'm trying to tell you. After all, you're chairman, and you ought to be happy to have suggestions from everybody. So, as I was saying . . ."

Ted groaned, too audibly, I thought. "That, my sweet young thing, is exactly what I'm afraid of—your kind of a suggestion." Then he said pleadingly, "Look, kid, you've got a good head on your shoulders. Why don't you use it more often?" For a second Ted's eyes gleamed the way they usually did whenever he looked admiringly at my curly black locks and wide green eyes, but the lines of worry returned all too soon.

"Really, Ted," I bristled, "if that's the way you want it, that's the way it will probably be. But if the rest of the committee should think I have a good idea, well . . . Besides, a fortune-telling booth would really attract people, and all our money worries would be over, and our class trip to Pontiac Lake would be a reality."

"Midge, there was something about that crystal gazing outfit that I didn't like, and there are lots of other things we can dream up that will clinch the trip for us, things like—like . . ." He hesitated, then he said, "Well, I'll think of some before the meeting tomorrow."

We had reached my door, and there wasn't much more I could say, so I said it fast. "All right, Ted, but I wish you'd think it over. *This* idea might just happen to be the one that clicks, and with both of us behind it, the rest of the committee would have to give in." I smiled at him in that special way I'd been practicing since the palmist told me I was destined to be devastating to men. For a minute he looked as if he were about to succumb, but then a wave of determination swept over his face and he handed me my book, grinned a weak good-by, and scuffed unhappily down the street.

I scuffed unhappily into the house. Perhaps Ted *was* partially right; my ideas *had* gotten him into a number of difficulties. But, after all, I salved my wounded pride, this was different; none of my other projects had involved the school, and in promoting this one I was only doing my scholastic duty.

Suddenly I remembered something. Besides Ted's worries about the bazaar, another one had recently descended upon him—Malcolm Tyler. Malcolm was the new boy in school, a tall, lean, aesthetic-looking character, who'd been trying to give me quite a bit of extracurricular attention. Now, if *I* suggested fortunetellers at the meeting, I could be overruled easily. But if *Malcolm* brought it up, Ted could only register a light complaint. If he were too whole-heartedly against it, everybody would think he was jealous of Malcolm and didn't want to have charge of a rival's project. In either case, my project would probably win!

Of course, if Ted's wave lengths connected with mine and he discovered the whole thing was planned, it *could* mean the end of our beautiful romance. But he need never know. I'd concentrate on leaving my wave lengths at loose ends tomorrow. I simply had to convince him that occasionally I could come up with a bright idea!

My best girl friend, Alice, had a crush on Malcolm, so naturally I had to consult her before I could involve Malcolm in my little plot. But she was convinced almost as soon as I began talking with her. I merely informed her that the fortuneteller had seen someone who looked just like Ted in my future, and she was convinced that Malcolm was bound to find out that a wonderful girl who looked strangely like Alice was just around his next corner.

Then I phoned Malcolm. He answered in his usual soft, dreamy tones. "Why, Midge, what a lovely surprise! I've just been thinking about you."

AME OF
HANCE!

Ted overheard Prince Omar saying to Sabah, "We'll be out of here in another hour, and this dumb bunch of kids won't suspect a thing!"

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Miss America
TABLE OF CONTENTS

FICTION

CARBON COPY
BY JEAN ATKINS............ 14
LOVE FINDS A MEDIUM
BY RITA COLLINS........... 26
ROMANCE IS A PROBLEM
BY CAROL WHITNEY....... 34

COMICS

PATSY WALKER

WHO'S WHO.................. 6

ROMANCE

WHEN HEARTS MUST BREAK..... 20

PATSY WALKER

THE DREADFUL DATE.............. 40

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WHIZZ

1

Sometimes a smile or a nod is as eloquent as saying *yes*. But if you want to add a little variety to your speech, match the following ways to say *yes* to the language from which it comes.

1. Oui
2. Da
3. Ano
4. Ja
5. Si
6. Igen
7. Tak

a. Italian
b. Czechoslovakian
c. German
d. Polish
e. French
f. Hungarian
g. Russian

2

Here's a network quiz that may trip you! Jot down the radio performers who are famous for the following sayings, songs or symbols.

1. "I dood it!"
2. The Bee
3. Allen's Alley
4. "That's what ah lak about about the South!"
5. A "talking" dog
6. "I'm a naughty boy!"
7. A bow tie
8. "Everybody wants to get into the act."
9. Charlie McCarthy
10. "Got a problem."

3

This ought to expand your vocabulary, unless you're a zoologist. Match the following animals to their correct classifications in the animal kingdom.

1. hog
2. deer
3. wolf
4. bear
5. sheep
6. dog
7. cat
8. ox

a. bovine
b. canine
c. feline
d. ovine
e. lupine
f. ursine
g. cervine
h. swine

ANSWERS

4: 1–kimono, 2–bandanna, 3–receive, 4–separate, 5–postpone, 6–believe, 7–vacuum, 8–beggar, 9–desperate, 10–incidentally.

5: 1–Island, 2–Kong, 3–Valley, 4–Amboy, 5–Vineyard, 6–Madre, 7–Rapids, 8–Carlo, 9–Aires, 10–Beach.

6: 1–c, 2–g, 3–b, 4–e, 5–a, 6–h, 7–f, 8–d.

QUIZZ

4

You'll be spellbound with this catchy spelldown. We'll give you a hint: All the words below are misspelled.

1. kimona
2. bandana
3. recieve
4. seperate
5. postphone
6. beleive
7. vacume
8. begger
9. desparate
10. incidentially

5

Listed below are somewhat incomplete geographical locations. Try your luck for a Marco Polo rating!

1. Coney ....
2. Hong ....
3. Sun ....
4. Perth ....
5. Martha's ....
6. Sierra ....
7. Cedar ....
8. Monte ....
9. Buenos ....
10. Palm ....

6

Can you unscramble this jumbled menu so that you would know what to order?

1. Bluepoints
2. Spumoni
3. Welsh rabbit
4. Fillet of sole
5. Filet mignon
6. Demitasse
7. Blancmange
8. Consommé

a. steak
b. cheese
c. oysters
d. clear soup
e. fish
f. pudding
g. ice cream
h. coffee

ANSWERS

1: 1–e, 2–g, 3–b, 4–c, 5–a, 6–f, 7–d.

2: 1–Red Skelton, 2–Jack Benny, 3–Fred Allen, 4–Phil Harris, 5–Juvenile Jury, 6–Lou Costello, 7–Frank Sinatra, 8–Jimmy Durante, 9–Edgar Bergen, 10–Al on *My Friend Irma*.

3: 1–h, 2–g, 3–e, 4–f, 5–d, 6–b, 7–c, 8–a.

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4. Hands can tell a tale: manicuring.
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6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
13. How much sleep do you need?
14. When is a girl smartly dressed?
15. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
16. How to dress if you are very tall.
17. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do.
18. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; what goes with what.
19. Building your wardrobe.
20. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
21. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
22. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

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23. How to meet people in cordial and poised manners.
24. Adding interest to your voice.
25. The art of conversation.
26. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
27. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
28. Having a good time at a party.
29. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
30. How are your telephone manners?
31. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
32. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
33. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
34. How to handle the question of money matters.
35. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
36. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired.

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PATSY WALKER

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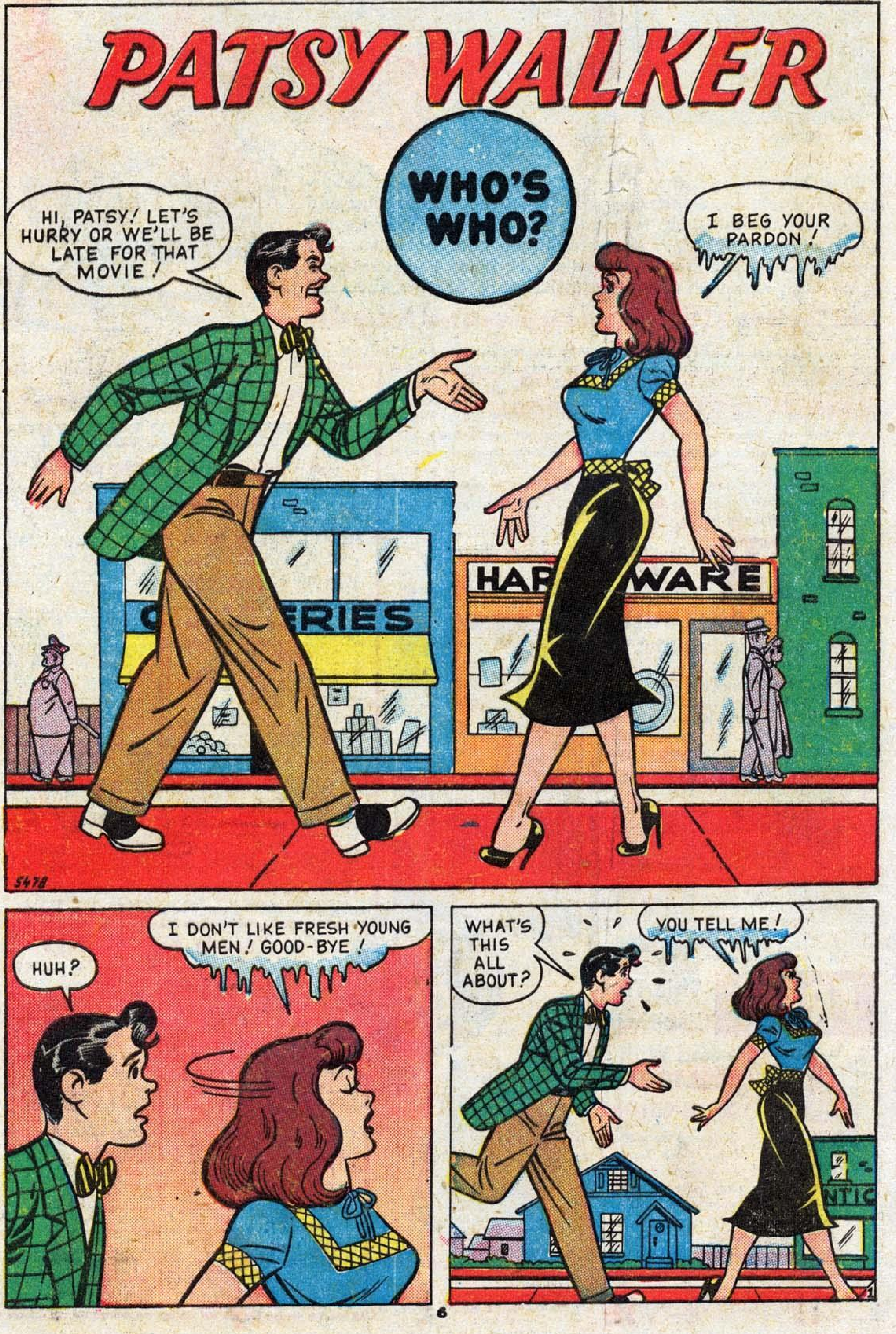
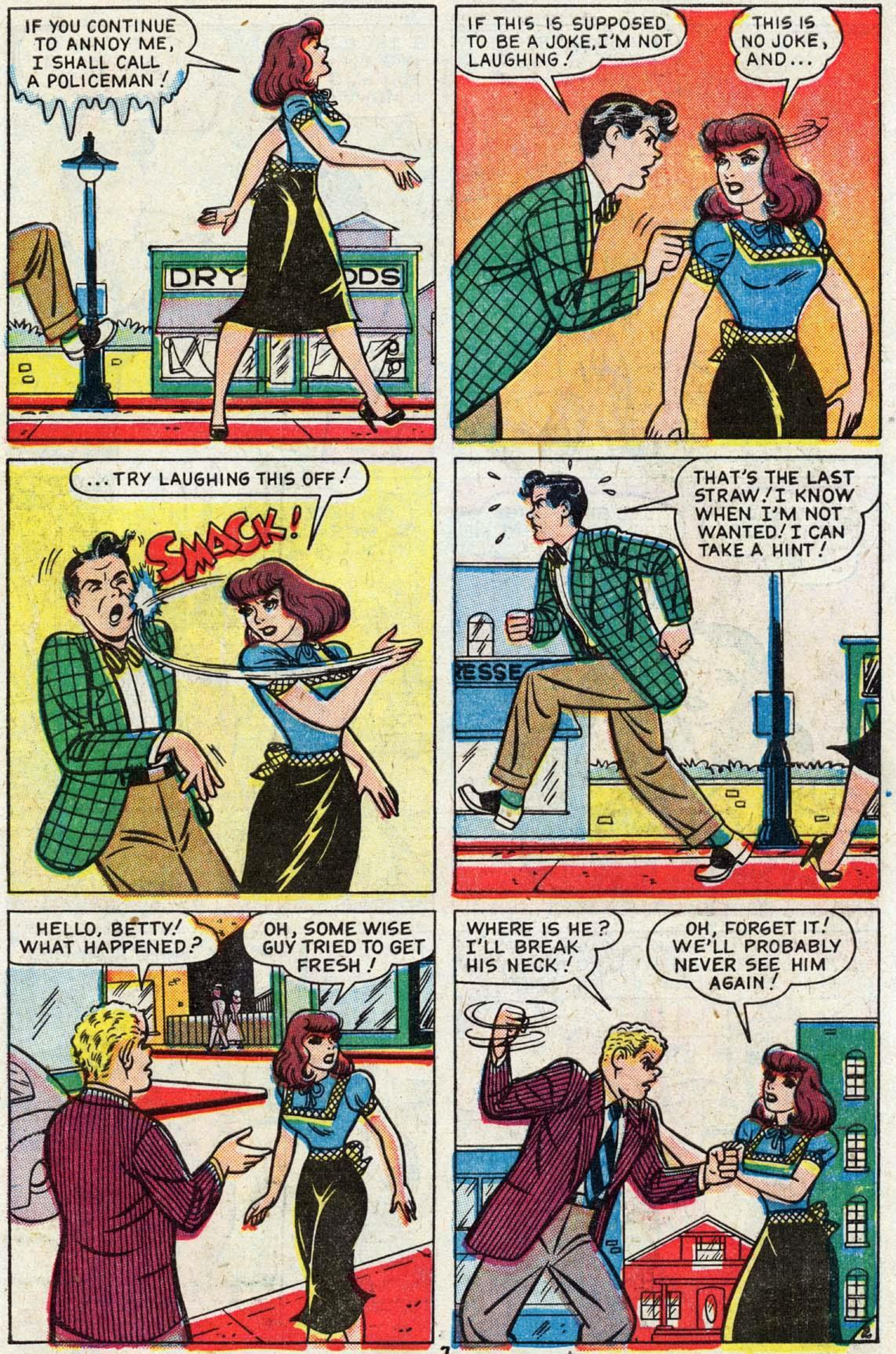
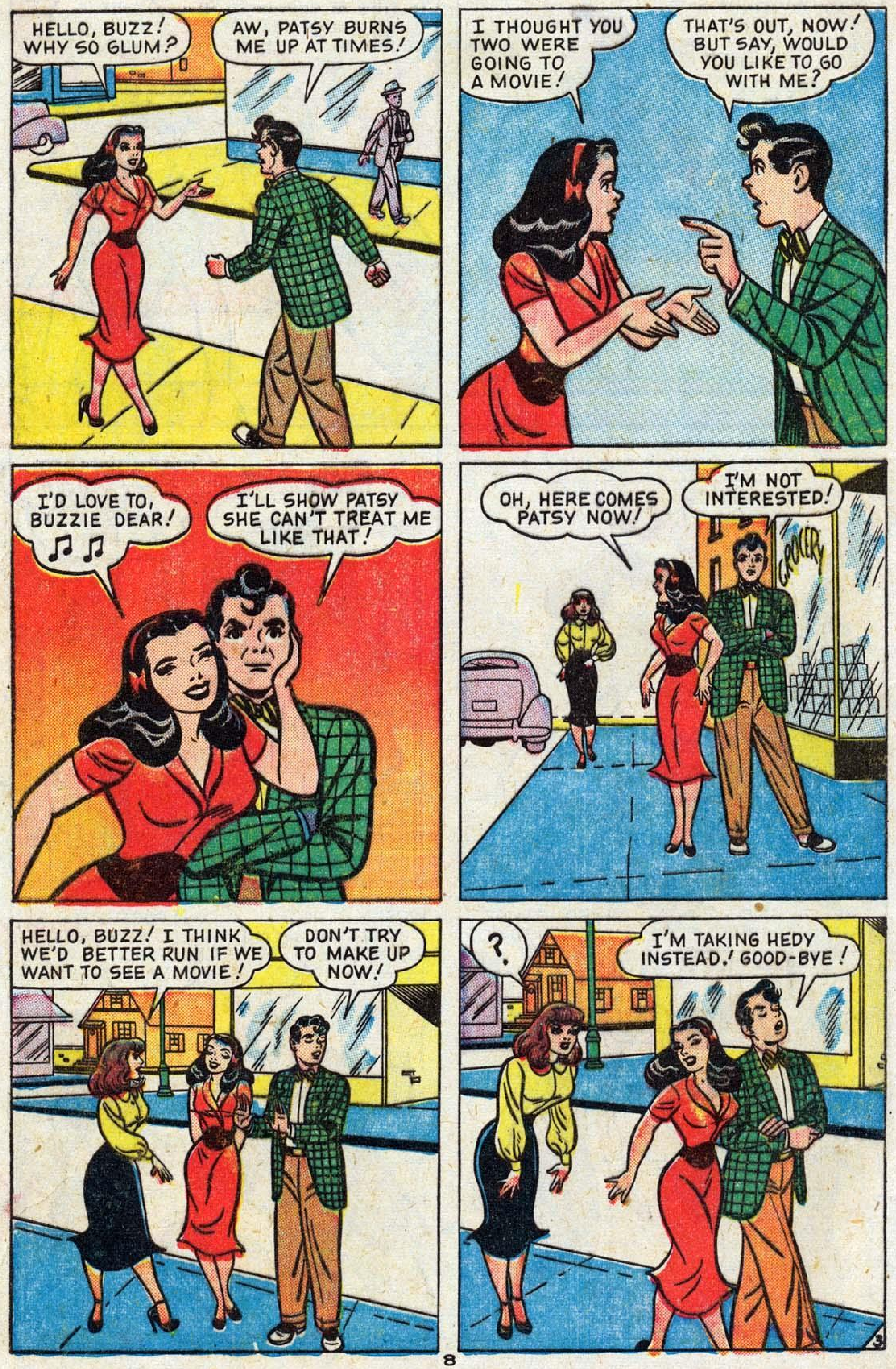
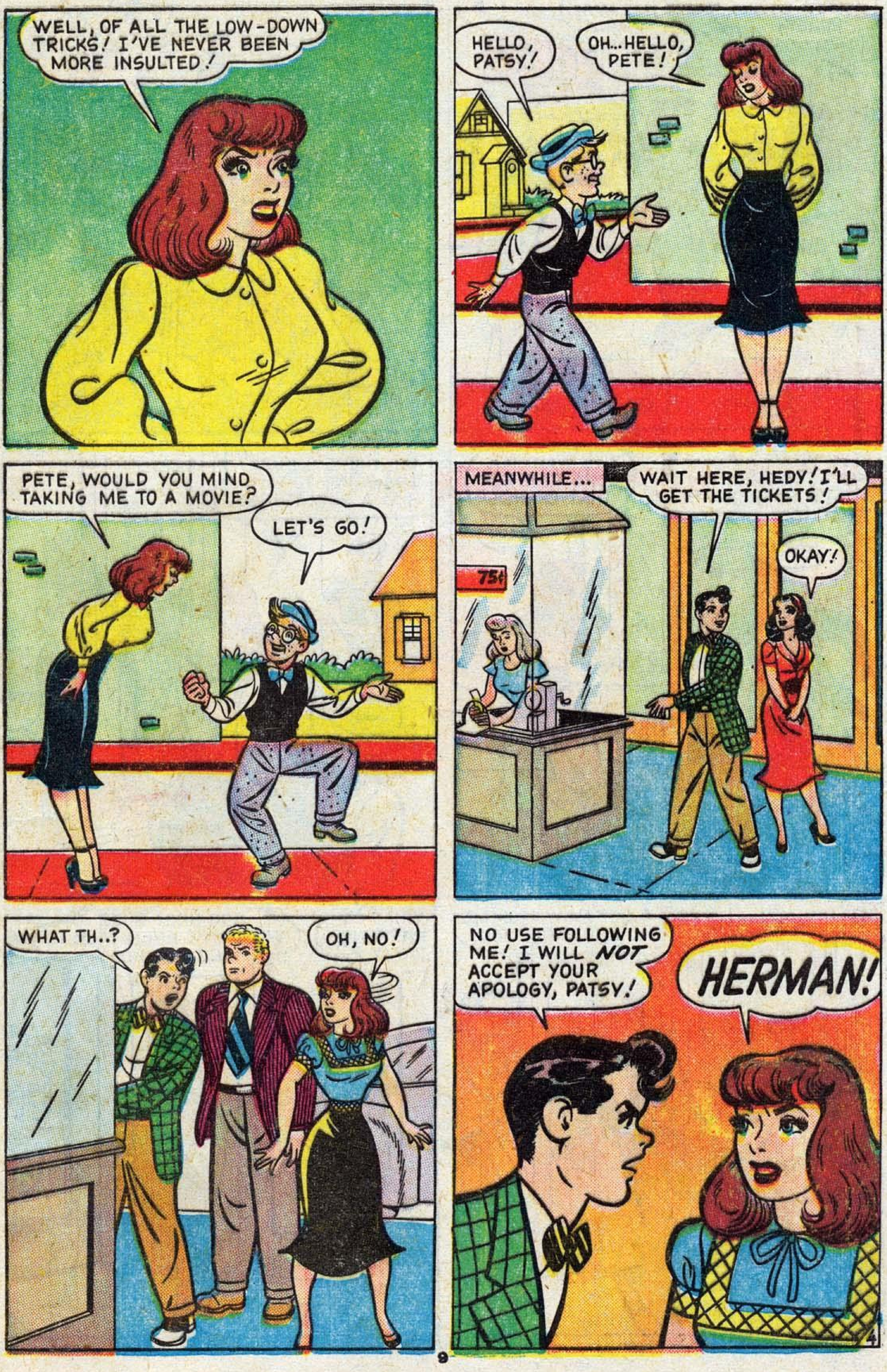
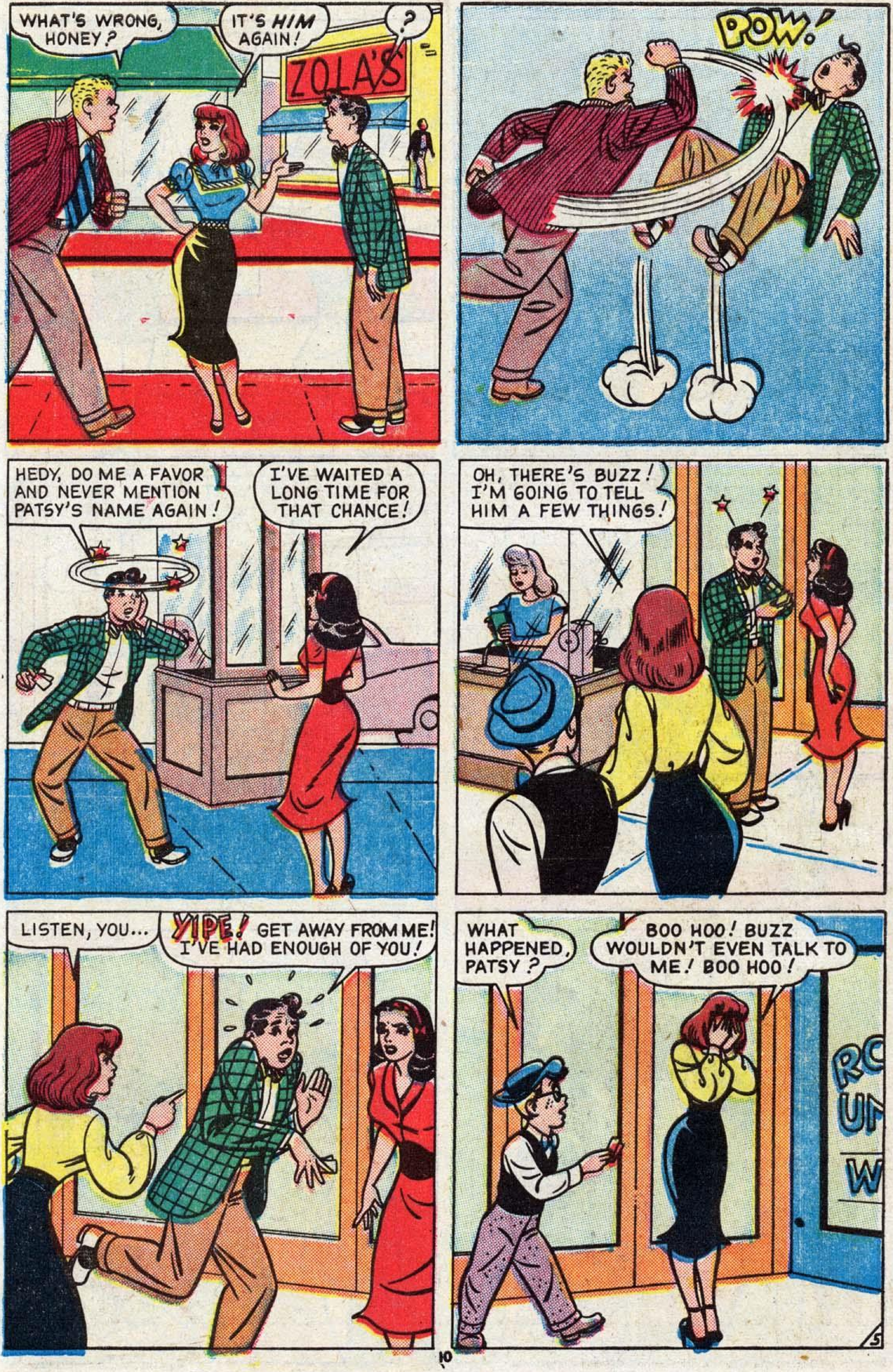
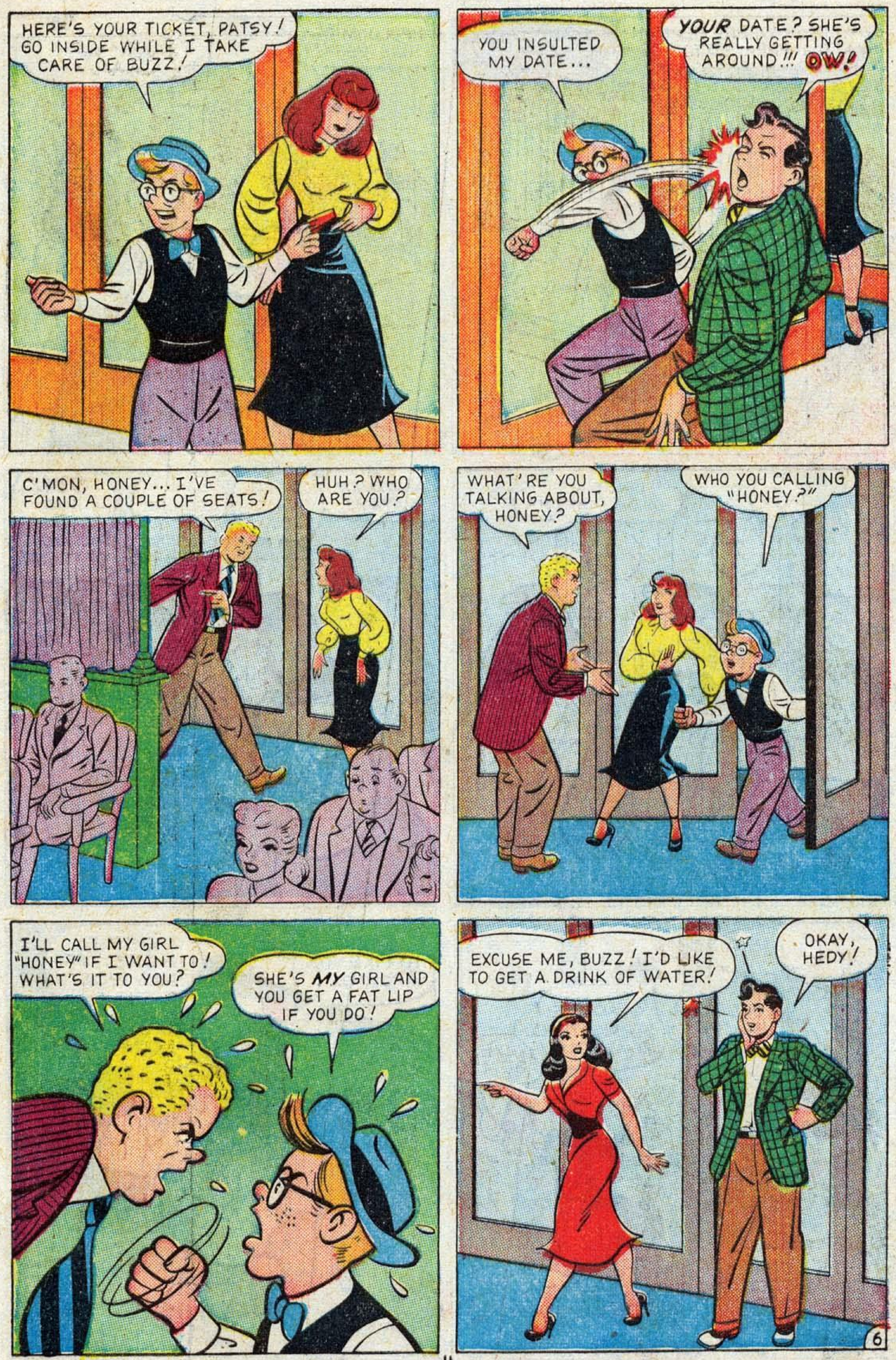

HI, PATSY! LET'S HURRY OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR THAT MOVIE!
I BEG YOUR PARDON!
HAR WARE
ERIES
5478
HUH?
I DON'T LIKE FRESH YOUNG MEN! GOOD-BYE!
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
YOU TELL ME!

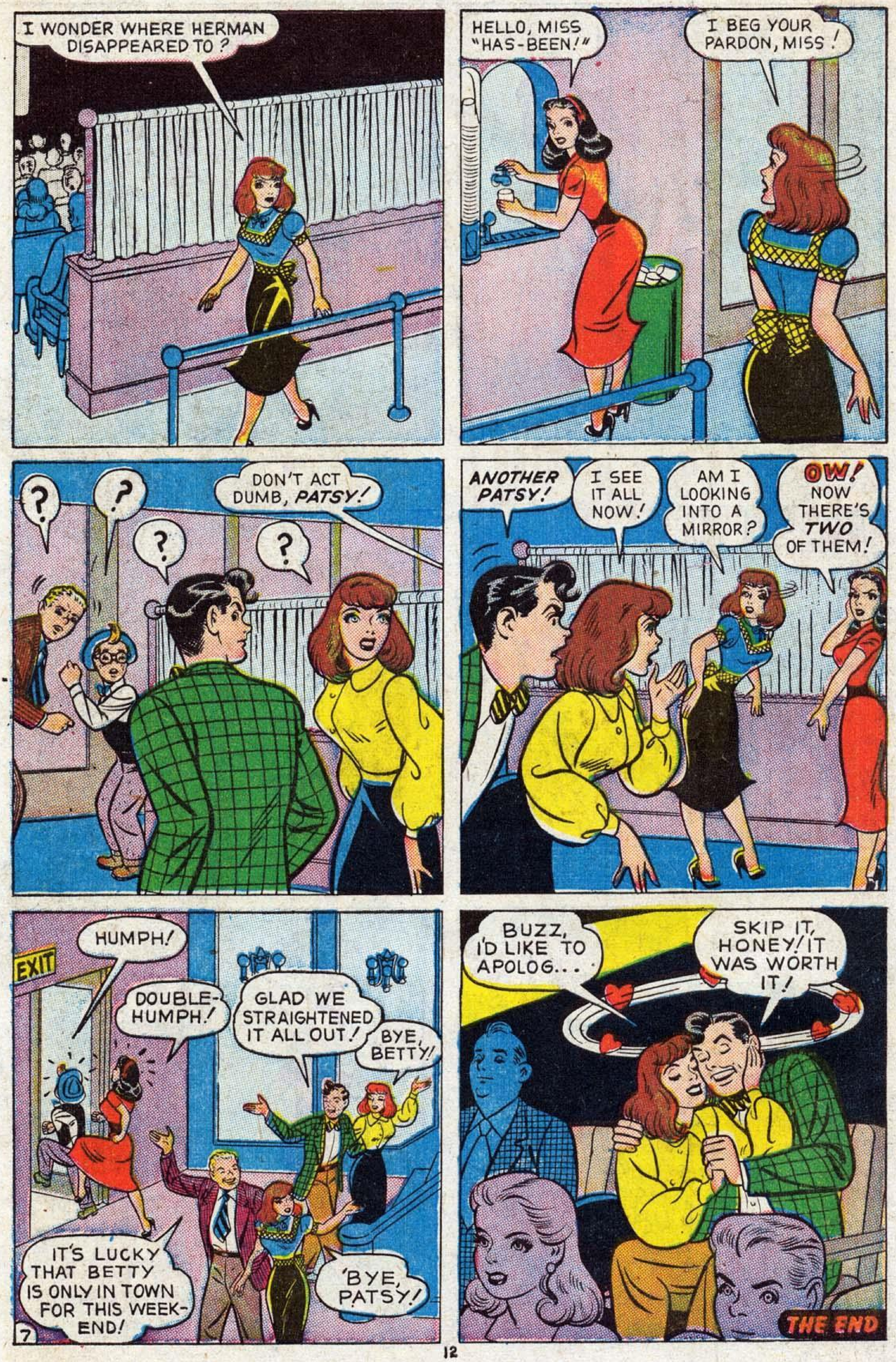

IF YOU CONTINUE TO ANNOY ME, I SHALL CALL A POLICEMAN!
DRY ODS
IF THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A JOKE, I'M NOT LAUGHING!
THIS IS NO JOKE, AND...
...TRY LAUGHING THIS OFF!
SMACK!
THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! I KNOW WHEN I'M NOT WANTED! I CAN TAKE A HINT!
RESSE
HELLO, BETTY! WHAT HAPPENED?
OH, SOME WISE GUY TRIED TO GET FRESH!
WHERE IS HE? I'LL BREAK HIS NECK!
OH, FORGET IT! WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!


HELLO, BUZZ! WHY SO GLUM?
AW, PATSY BURNS ME UP AT TIMES!
I THOUGHT YOU TWO WERE GOING TO A MOVIE!
THAT'S OUT, NOW! BUT SAY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO WITH ME?
I'D LOVE TO, BUZZIE DEAR! ♫ ♫
I'LL SHOW PATSY SHE CAN'T TREAT ME LIKE THAT!
OH, HERE COMES PATSY NOW!
I'M NOT INTERESTED!
GROCERY
HELLO, BUZZ! I THINK WE'D BETTER RUN IF WE WANT TO SEE A MOVIE!
DON'T TRY TO MAKE UP NOW!
?
I'M TAKING HEDY INSTEAD! GOOD-BYE!


WELL, OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN TRICKS! I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE INSULTED!
HELLO, PATSY!
OH...HELLO, PETE!
PETE, WOULD YOU MIND TAKING ME TO A MOVIE?
LET'S GO!
MEANWHILE...
WAIT HERE, HEDY! I'LL GET THE TICKETS!
OKAY!
75¢
WHAT TH..?
OH, NO!
NO USE FOLLOWING ME! I WILL NOT ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY, PATSY!
HERMAN!
4


WHAT'S WRONG, HONEY?
IT'S *HIM* AGAIN!
?
ZOLA'S
POW!
HEDY, DO ME A FAVOR AND NEVER MENTION PATSY'S NAME AGAIN!
I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THAT CHANCE!
OH, THERE'S BUZZ! I'M GOING TO TELL HIM A FEW THINGS!
LISTEN, YOU...
YIPE! GET AWAY FROM ME! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU!
WHAT HAPPENED, PATSY?
BOO HOO! BUZZ WOULDN'T EVEN TALK TO ME! BOO HOO!
5


HERE'S YOUR TICKET, PATSY! GO INSIDE WHILE I TAKE CARE OF BUZZ!
YOU INSULTED MY DATE...
YOUR DATE? SHE'S REALLY GETTING AROUND!!! OW!
C'MON, HONEY... I'VE FOUND A COUPLE OF SEATS!
HUH? WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT, HONEY?
WHO YOU CALLING "HONEY?"
I'LL CALL MY GIRL "HONEY" IF I WANT TO! WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
SHE'S MY GIRL AND YOU GET A FAT LIP IF YOU DO!
EXCUSE ME, BUZZ! I'D LIKE TO GET A DRINK OF WATER!
OKAY, HEDY!
6


I WONDER WHERE HERMAN DISAPPEARED TO?
HELLO, MISS "HAS-BEEN!"
I BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS!
?
?
?
?
DON'T ACT DUMB, *PATSY!*
ANOTHER PATSY!
I SEE IT ALL NOW!
AM I LOOKING INTO A MIRROR?
OW! NOW THERE'S *TWO* OF THEM!
EXIT
HUMPH!
DOUBLE-HUMPH!
GLAD WE STRAIGHTENED IT ALL OUT!
BYE, BETTY!
IT'S LUCKY THAT BETTY IS ONLY IN TOWN FOR THIS WEEK-END!
'BYE, PATSY!
7
BUZZ, I'D LIKE TO APOLOG...
SKIP IT, HONEY! IT WAS WORTH IT!
THE END

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Combine 1½ pints of whipping cream with 6 tablespoons of powdered sugar, 6 tablespoons cocoa and a pinch of salt. The mixture is chilled for an hour and then whipped until stiff.

Now take a 10-inch angel food cake and place it, with the larger surface at bottom, on a large serving plate. Cut the entire top off the cake, three-quarters of an inch from the top, and cut out the center to leave a three-quarter-inch wall of cake all around. Remove this center carefully with a spoon, being careful to leave a wall of cake at the bottom.

Fill the center cavity with the cocoa-cream mixture, to which has been added 1/3 cup of chopped toasted almonds. Replace the cake top and ice all over with the remaining mixture — shave another 1/3 cup of toasted almonds and sprinkle over top and sides. Chill thoroughly for two or three hours before serving.

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CARBON COPY

LONG, LEAN, LOVABLE LARRY WAS WELL-ESTABLISHED IN LIZBET'S AFFECTIONS—UNTIL THE CASUAL COMMENTS OF A FRIEND BEGAN TO PREY ON HER MIND!

By JEAN ATKINS

WHENEVER my brother, John, comes back home, the girls in our town lapse into a state of swoon . . . and I don't blame them one bit. You see, John is almost too good to be true. Sometimes, I must admit, I feel like swooning myself.

It's a heavenly break for a girl of sixteen, with nothing but green eyes, mousy hair, and a habit of daydreaming to distinguish her, to be the sister of the town hero. And never let it be said that I don't make the most of it! I guess I even expect too much of other people—particularly the boys in my crowd, who really can't be compared with my brother. It's unreasonable of me, I suppose, to make such comparisons, but I just can't help it. If *you* have a case of near-perfection for a big brother, you'll know what I mean.

John was football captain at our high school, and led the team to its first undefeated season in six years. At the state university, he was chosen All-American halfback, and graduated cum laude. Now he's a professional football player and studies medicine in the off-season—when he's not making speeches at banquets or appearing on radio shows, that is. He's the biggest celebrity in our town, and he's a legend we all worship.

And I'm his sister!

One day last winter I was showing my best friend, Nan Hunter, some of the souvenirs in his room. John was out of town, of course, as he usually is. His room is a sanctuary, and we wouldn't think of touching anything, but we could at least soak up the aura of his fame. There were gilded footballs with inscriptions of various history-making games, scrapbooks stuffed with newspaper clippings, and hundreds of photographs on the walls of John surrounded by notables in the world of sport. It was amazing, even though one was used to the idea, to reflect that one's brother was such a popular personality.

Nan was awe-struck. "Now I know how you felt," she said, "when Pat Parker made tackle."

I'd been dating Pat that fall, having chosen him as a likely prospect to at least approach John's high school record. All through September I'd put up with such inconveniences as being rushed home from the movies at nine o'clock so Pat could get the sleep his football training required. I didn't mind, you see, because Pat, in his own words, was a potential gridiron star. Then came the evening when he bounded up our front steps, his eyes shining with joy, to impart the world-shaking news that Coach Martin had chosen him as second-string tackle—on the scrub team!

I wasn't able to exude the enthusiasm that Pat felt was his due, and he was hurt. The end of my associations with Pat came soon afterward, naturally, and Nan had been puzzled.

"He's cute," she would argue. "I'd go out with him any day." All I could do was shrug.

But now, surrounded by mementoes of John's greatness, Nan understood. She understood more than I thought.

"Lizbet, it's too bad about you," she remarked.

"What's too bad?"

"That you should have such a famous brother." She looked at me shrewdly. "You won't ever be satisfied with ordinary people."

What Nan said didn't sound very nice, but I had to admit that she was right. Hero worship was in my blood. I demanded greatness as hot dogs demand mustard.

My voice was defiant. "And why should I?"

Nan evaded the question. "How do you feel about Larry?"

That stopped me a moment. My mind focused on the image of a lean, lazy length of a boy with sandy hair and grey eyes and a trick of relaxing completely—anywhere, anytime. My pulse seemed to pick up a beat when I thought about him.

"He's nice," I said guardedly.

"How nice?"

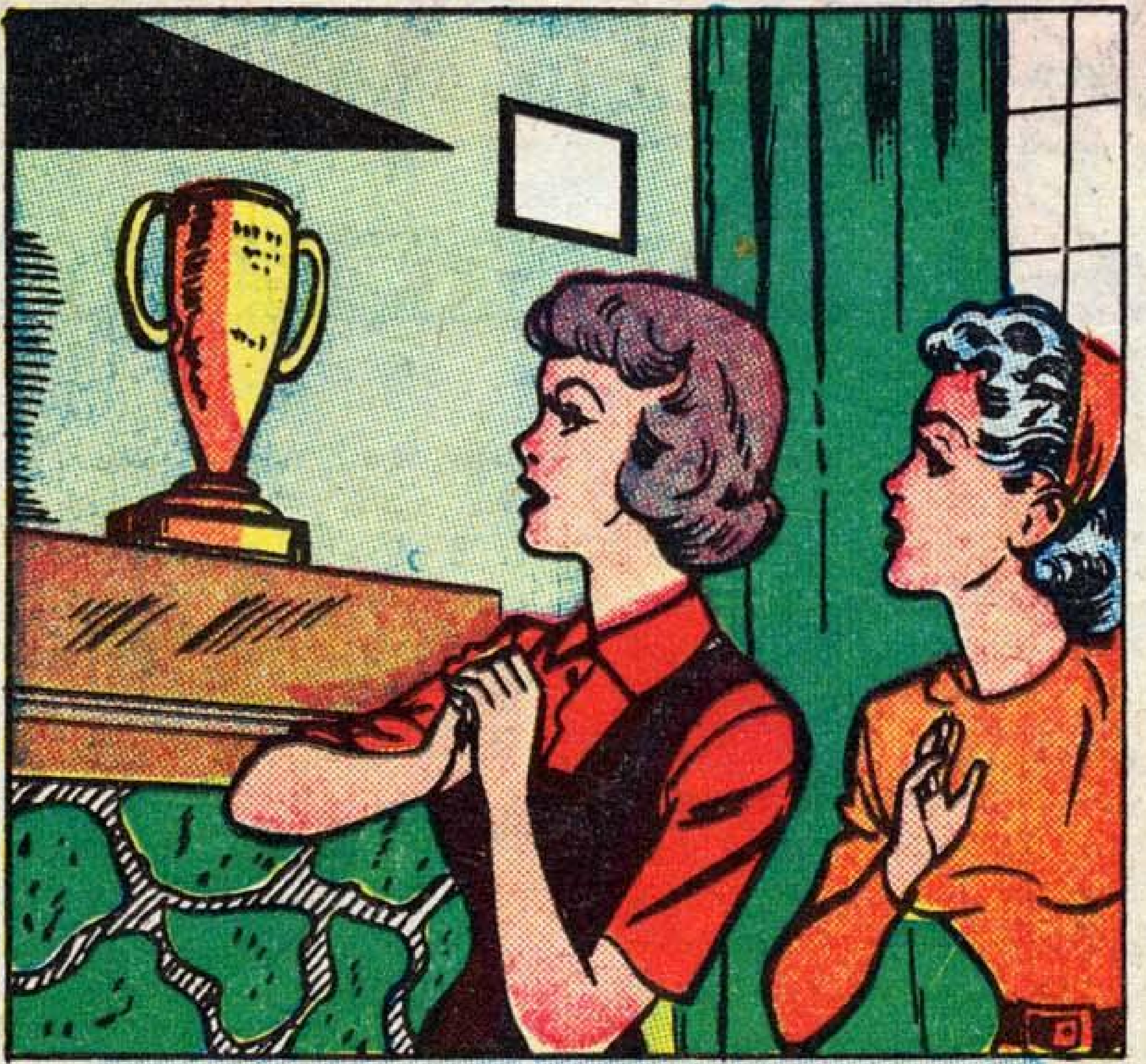
I hesitated—then I couldn't seem to stop myself from saying, "I'm gone about him, Nan. He—he's special!"

"He's not a hero." Nan certainly knew where to strike. "At school he's not even a big wheel!"

"He could be," I said staunchly. "If he wanted to, he could be."

Nan smiled. "Is that enough?"

"No-o-o," I admitted. A wave of determination surged through me. "No, that's not enough!"



Nan and I didn't dare touch anything in John's room, but we could at least soak up the aura of his fame.

Poor Larry! What a hard time I was to give him in the next few weeks. I'd been feeling all along, of course, that Larry didn't quite measure up to my brother-inspired standards, but I was so attracted to him that I'd been soft-pedaling the thought. But now, with Nan bringing the idea to the surface, I had to face it! After all, the sister of the town hero should be able to look a fact squarely in the eye!

I began to notice things about Larry that were painful to me. He was popular enough, but he was just one of the gang. No hush would fall when he strolled into the Grill, our crowd's hangout, no neck would crane to get a glimpse of him, no one went out of his way to shake Larry's hand . . . How different it was with John! . . . And the most irritating part of all was that Larry seemed blithely unconscious of being a nobody. I don't think he even thought about it! He was genuinely shocked when I brought up the subject one afternoon.

"You mean," he asked, staring at me in wonderment, "that people should make a fuss about me?"

"Certainly!" They would about John, I thought to myself.

"But I'd feel foolish if they did. Besides," a note of relief crept into his voice, "there's no reason why they should."

He had hit my point and I hammered at it. "People can't appreciate your undeveloped talents," I declared. "You've got to show them what you can do. Why, at your age my brother John was—"

Larry cut in, somewhat sourly, I thought. "Everybody knows about your brother John," he said. "He was one in a million."

"And so are you! Or at least I think so," I added wistfully. "Larry, you're brimming with talent, but you've got to start using it!"

Larry was completely bewildered. "How, Lizbet?"

"Well," I made the obvious suggestion, "why don't you go out for football next fall?"

"Aw, Lizbet," he grinned. "I don't like football."

That almost finished it. He didn't like football! If I hadn't been so fond of Larry, I would have walked out of his life then and there. Instead, I looked at his lean, lazy length, the curl in his sandy hair, and the puzzled grey eyes, and I knew I wanted to be around him, regardless.

But I was still going to make something of him!

"How about baseball—it's the season. Or track? Tennis?"

Larry kept shaking his head slowly.

"Well, what *do* you like to do?"

Larry grinned again. "Relax in a soft easy chair and listen to records," he suggested. "Or drink milkshakes and argue with you."

"You simply have no ambition," I groaned.

At that, he sat up. His tone became serious. "But I do, Lizbet. That's where you're wrong."

Ah, now we were getting some place. "What do you like to do?" I demanded eagerly.

"I—I'd like to be an actor!"

I stared hopelessly at him and felt my plans crumbling beneath my feet, dropping away in huge chunks. Acting was the one thing I was sure Larry couldn't do. I'd seen his horrifying exhibition at the Dramatic Club tryouts last winter.

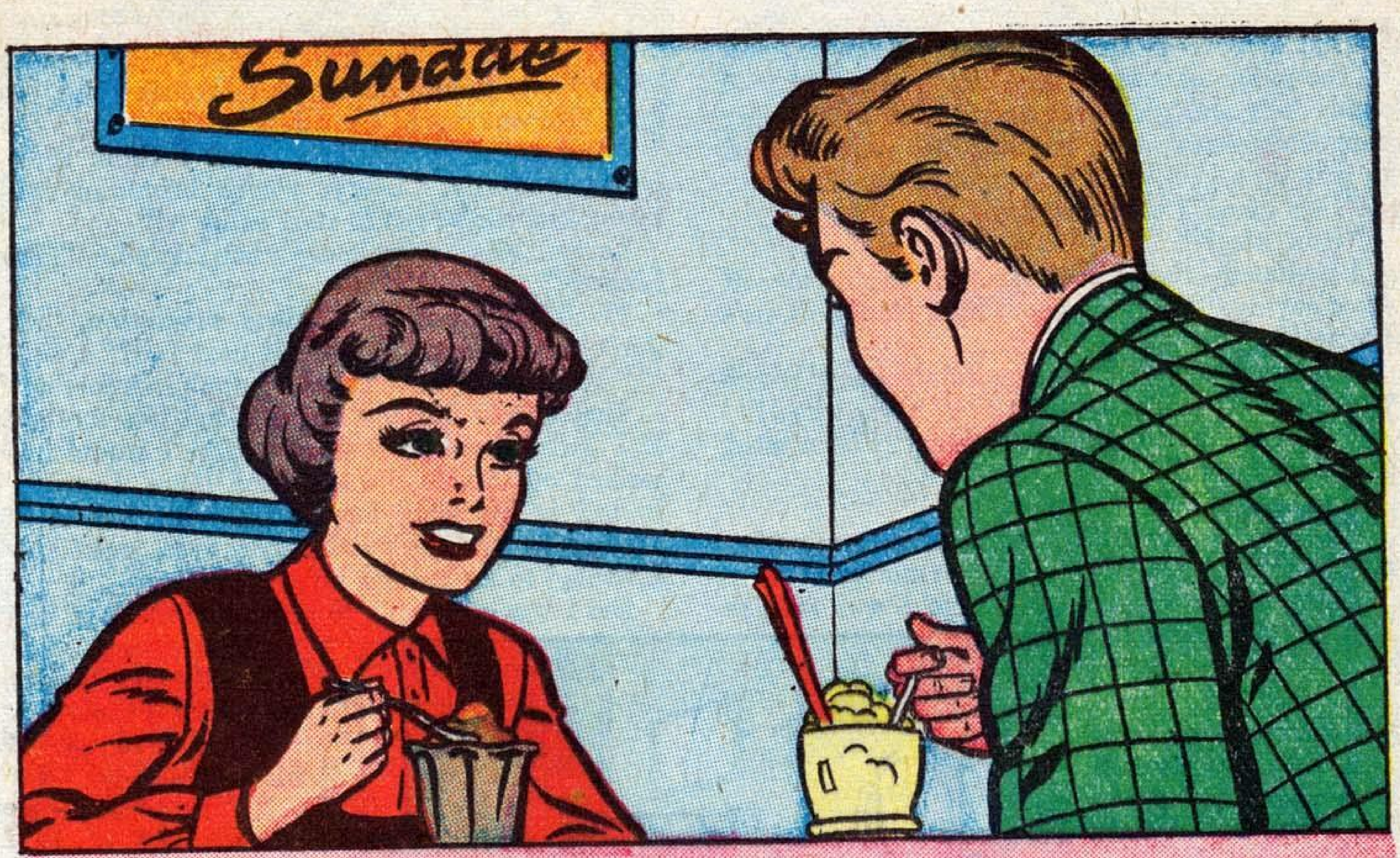
And to think that was the height of his ambition!

I returned my gaze to the milkshake. What was left for me to say?

. . . I found words later, in describing the incident to Nan. "Imagine," I repeated for the *enth* time, "he wants to be an actor!"

Nan giggled a little, though I couldn't see any humor in the situation. To me it was tragic. "You've got to admit he can't act," I continued grimly.

"He's about as good an actor as you would be a fullback," she agreed. "The trouble with you, Lizbet, is that you always expect too much. Aren't



Larry grinned at me and said, "I'd rather drink milkshakes and argue with you!"

you ready now to agree that Larry is just a nice, ordinary boy? Can't you settle for that? Isn't it enough that he enjoys himself and that everybody likes him?"

I shook my head stubbornly. I had to have my heroes. "Cut the quiz, Nan. I believe Larry has talent, and I'm going to bring it out!"

Nan smiled, and looked at me with what I might have thought was a spark of sympathy in her eye—might have thought, that is, if I hadn't been too proud. After all, I was the sister of a hero!

It wasn't long before something started to happen to Larry and me. Each time we met, I noticed he was less his casual, charming self, more and more a furtive and uneasy person. It didn't occur to me that I was fostering doubt and self-consciousness in him as I kept pursuing the elusive quality that I felt would turn him into a carbon copy of my big brother. It did occur to me, though, that things weren't the same between us as they had been. An undeclared war seemed to be waging, with Larry constantly on guard.

The climax of our psychological warfare came during a Friday night record session. Every week our crowd got together in the school gym and danced to the latest platters. I'd been counting on this evening to heal the breach between us. We both loved to dance, and always had mountains of fun at these functions.

"Larry," I breathed, as we floated through a dreamy waltz, "you know what?"

"What?" Larry's chin touched my hair and his voice came from far away, blissful and untroubled. My hunch had been correct. The atmosphere . . . the intuitive understanding of our dancing feet . . . the wonderful music . . . all seemed to bring us closer than we'd been in days. Larry's air of guarded resentment had vanished, and once more we were attuned to each other.

"At times like this," I murmured, "you remind me of John." It was true. My brother, who could do everything well, was supreme at dancing.

Larry stiffened. I knew at once that it had been the wrong thing to say, even though I was trying to pay him a compliment. An invisible curtain rang down between us, and Larry drew away from me. For the remainder of the waltz, he was very formal—and tense.

We stayed for a few more dances, but everything seemed wrong. My effort to get through to the real Larry, had failed—failed miserably. Finally, I suggested we leave.

It was only nine-thirty when we arrived at my front door. "Good-night," Larry said.

This was the time when we always arranged our next date. I paused before I entered the house.

"Good-night, Larry," I said.

The door closed after me, and Larry was gone. So this is how love ends and loneliness begins, I thought, and shook my head numbly.

. . . My world was a dark, depressing dungeon for the next few days. Not only did Larry fail to try to patch things up, but he actually seemed to be avoiding me. I should have been satisfied, of course. Larry obviously didn't want to be helped out of his mediocre, no-account rut, and, as such, he certainly wasn't my type. Strangely, though, I couldn't seem to look at things from that angle. I guess I was crazy about Larry, no-account or not.

Life brightened a little the following Friday.

I'd come moping in from school with a black cloud for a halo, but as I glanced into the living room the cloud suddenly disappeared. There—huge and smiling and handsome as ever—sat my brother John, home on one of his rare visits.

I squealed with joy. John swept me up with one great paw and planted a brotherly kiss on my cheek.

"You're home!" I marveled. Now everything would be better.

He sat me on the arm of his chair, studying me with warm affection. "How goes it, pussy?"

I shouldn't burden him with my troubles, I knew. But it was so easy to talk to John . . . and he always seemed to understand. Before I knew it, the whole story was being poured into his ear. I told him how none of my boy friends seemed very super when compared to him, and how Pat had disappointed me. I told him all about Larry, how he had no ambition except an insane yen to be an actor, and that he would never be any good at that. I even told him how Larry and I had broken up because I'd tried to talk him into really making something of himself. Then I stopped and waited for sympathy.

John was silent, for a moment. His lips were compressed, and a strange frown crept between his eyes. Finally he turned to me. "Lizbet," he said slowly, "if you were a year or two younger, I'd give you a good spanking!"

I gasped, unbelieving. This was my brother, John, who had always understood my problems.

"You've become a snob." His tone was severe. "A snob, Lizbet!"

A pang of guilt swept over me.

"What would this world be," John continued heavily, "if we were all football stars? Or stars of any kind? Hmm?"

I shook my head. I'd never thought of that.

John's voice grew gentler. "We each have our position to play," he said. "Including the Pat's and the Larry's. And, believe me, their positions are just as important as the quarterback's." He paused. "Besides, from what you tell me, I think this Larry has a definite talent that you miss completely. He has the gift of being pleasant and charming . . . and *ordinary*. That's important!"

I didn't need a spanking. I felt like a little girl who had just received one. Chastened, and with tears lurking behind my eyes, I went up to my room . . . and thought about everything he'd said.

At the breakfast table next morning, John looked at me expectantly. I struggled with my pride, and gulped a bit.

"You scored a touchdown yesterday," I told him.

He grinned. I grinned back. We were pals again.

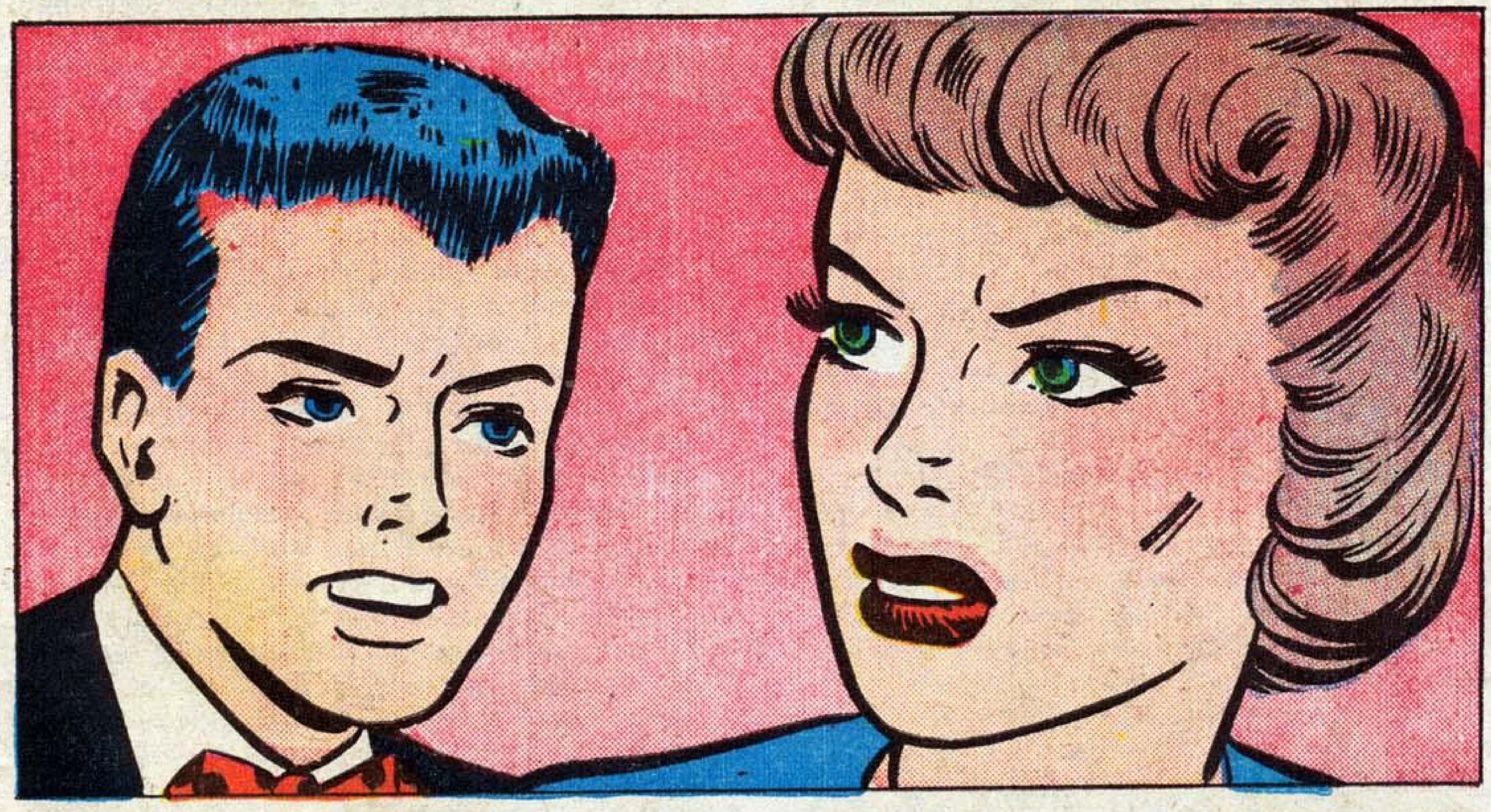
It was Saturday, and I didn't know what to do. I wished I would run into Larry so I could explain to him how wrong I'd been. That afternoon I strolled over to the Grill on the chance that he would be there. He wasn't about, so I went in to have a milkshake.

The Grill was deserted, strangely enough, but I sat down anyhow and placed my order.

I didn't have to wait long for someone to appear.

An old gentleman with a silky white mustache and Vandyke beard tottered through the door, leaning on a cane. As I watched his progress across the floor, I wondered if he would make it to a booth. Wheezing wearily, he reached my booth, and sank into the seat opposite me.

"You don't mind if I sit with you, do you, little girl?" he quavered.



"You've become a snob." John's tone was severe. "A snob, Lizbet!"

I should have been indignant at being called 'little girl,' but somehow I wasn't. I smiled hospitably, and examined him closely.

He was enveloped in a well-worn frock coat, a string tie and Celluloid collar, and a vague air of mothballs. As he lifted his hand from the cane, it shook pathetically.

"Old bones," he said plaintively, "ain't what they used to be."

I nodded in sympathy.

"Well," he wheezed, "how about some service?" With his cane he beat irritably on the marble floor. A waiter appeared quickly, bestowing an awe-stricken glance on the old gentleman.

"A double milkshake," he ordered gruffly. Then turning to me, he grinned slyly. "I'm cantankerous with age," he confided.

I laughed. Somehow I couldn't help beaming on this septuagenarian.

"Besides which," he sighed profoundly, "I have troubles. Love troubles."

"At your age?"

He wasn't offended. "At my age. I bet Methuselah couldn't understand women!"

"Well, sometimes I don't understand them myself," I agreed. I paused a moment, then confessed, "I have love troubles, too."

He looked up with sharp interest.

"There's a boy named Larry," I went on. "If I could only see him and explain things, I'm sure everything would be jake."

"Well, well." The old gentleman patted my hand. "We'll have to do something about that." He gurgled the rest of his milkshake in a rather reckless rush for one so old, and tottered weakly to his feet. "Yessir, we'll have to do something about that! You wait right here."

As I watched him hobble slowly toward the door, he seemed every moment on the verge of spluttering to a stop, like the engine of an old flivver. The last I saw of him, his frock coat was billowing in the breeze like a kite, threatening to sweep him away.

I waited, curious to see what would happen next. My patience was rewarded some ten minutes later when a tall, grinning boy with sandy hair and grey eyes walked casually into the Grill. Seeing me, he ambled lazily over to my booth.

"Larry!"

His grin grew broader. It was a satisfied, mysterious grin.

"Did you know I was here?"

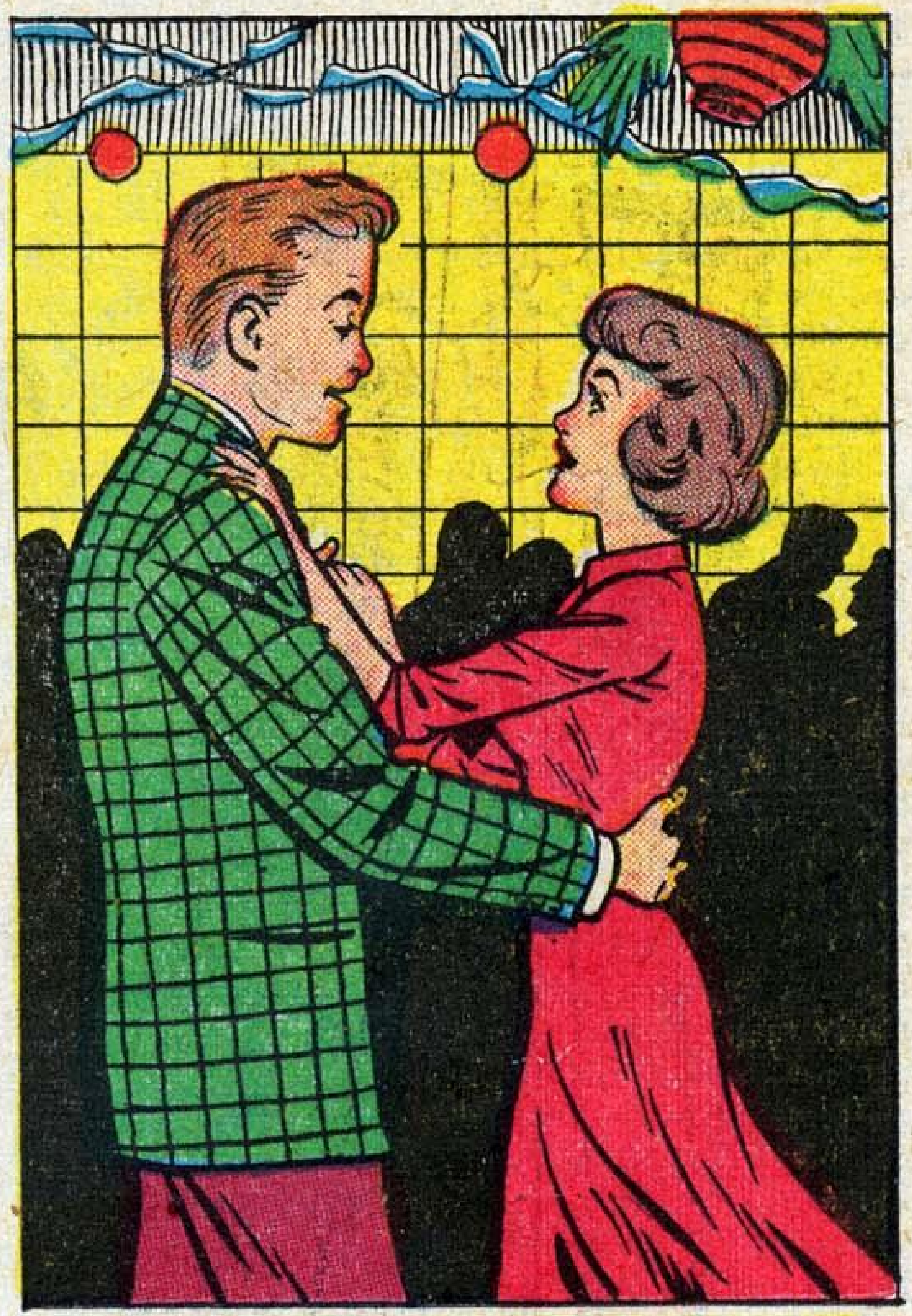
He nodded.

"How?"

He drew himself into a shaking knot, gestured at the opposite seat, and quavered, "You don't mind, little girl?" Then, sitting down with elaborate groans and wheezes, he extended a hand, making it tremble vigorously.

"Larry!" I cried. "You mean you—*you* were the old gentleman?"

He looked up slyly, and whispered, "I'm cantankerous with age!" We broke into simultaneous laughter, and I didn't stop until tears came to my eyes.



"Larry," I murmured as we floated through a dreamy waltz, "at times like this you remind me of John."

"Was it a good performance?" Larry demanded.

I looked at him tenderly. "It was out of this world!"

"See!" Larry cried triumphantly. "I proved it, I can act! Now are you satisfied with me?"

"Larry," my voice was humble, "I've changed my thinking about a lot of things. Even if you weren't an accomplished actor, I'd feel the same about you. I realize now that it's the kind of person you are, not what you can do, that's important."

"And how *do* you feel about me?"

After I told him, Larry took my hand. Together we shared a milkshake, and it tasted like the elixir of the gods!

Talking it over with Nan a few days later, I noticed a puzzled expression on her face. "What's the matter?"

"I still can't understand," she mused, "how we could be so wrong. Remember how we thought Larry would never be an actor?"

"He isn't." I laughed softly. "It was the corniest performance I ever saw. And I recognized him the moment he appeared."

Nan goggled. "And you—you who can't stand anything less than perfection! You didn't tell him?"

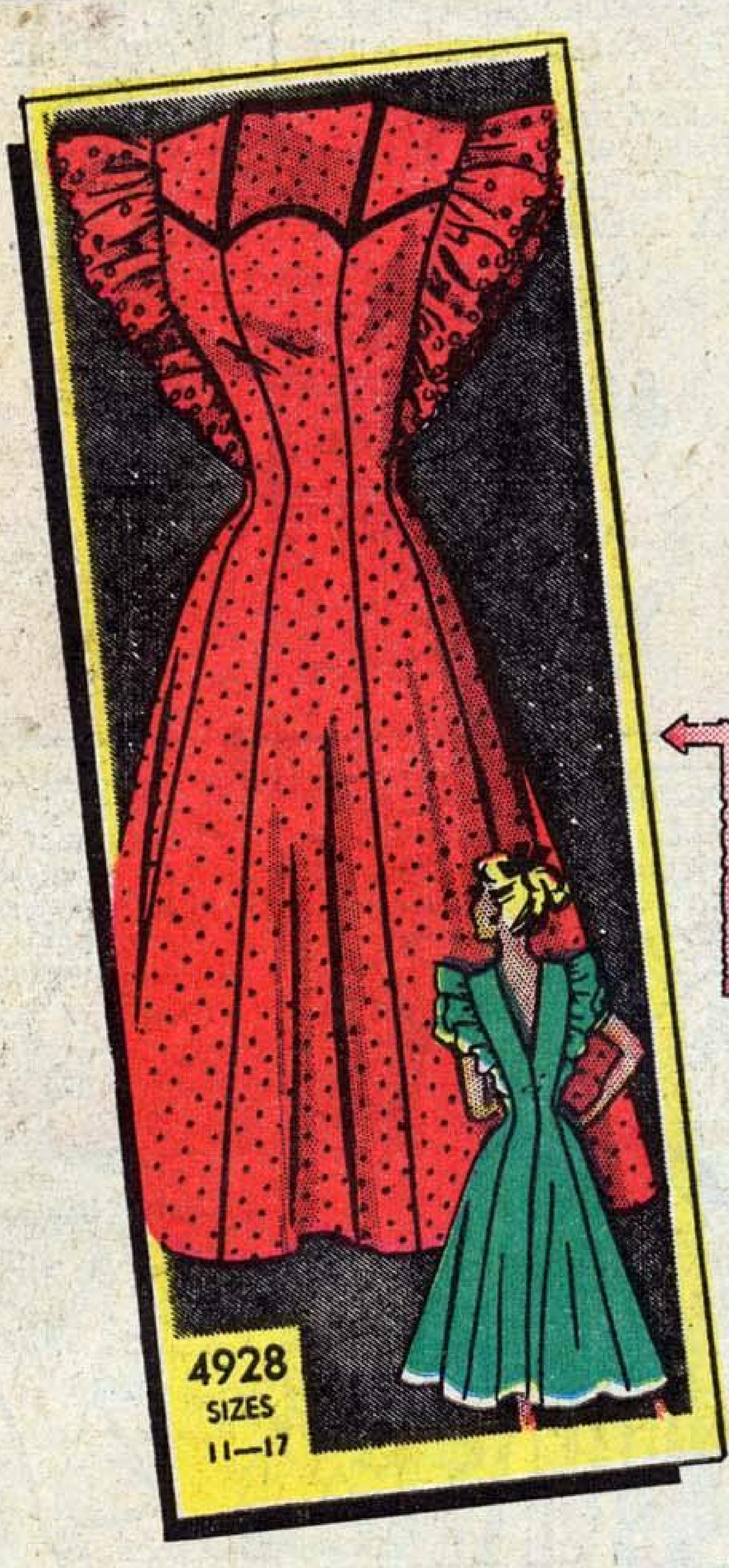
"Certainly not!"

"Well," Nan said slowly, "you *have* changed!"

. . . As usual, Nan was right.

THE END

STITCHIN' TIME



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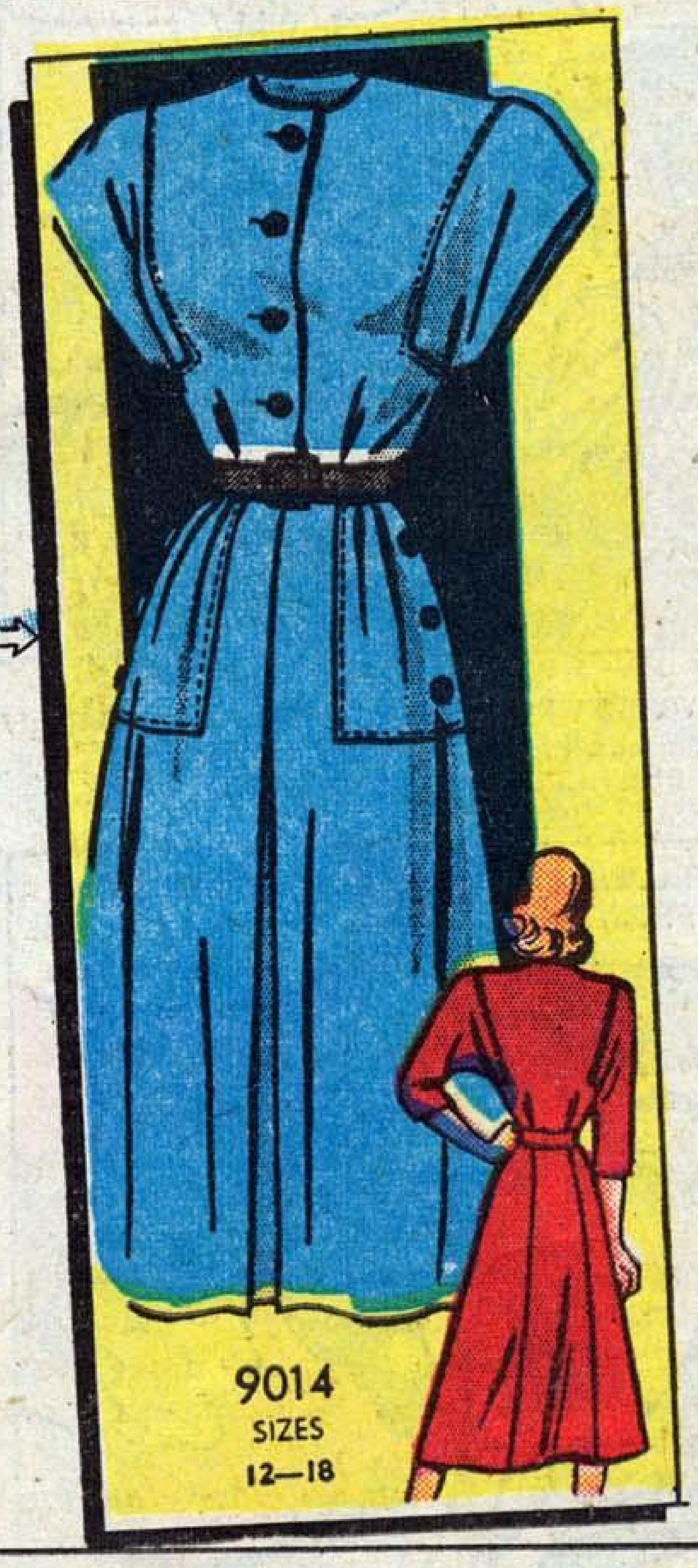

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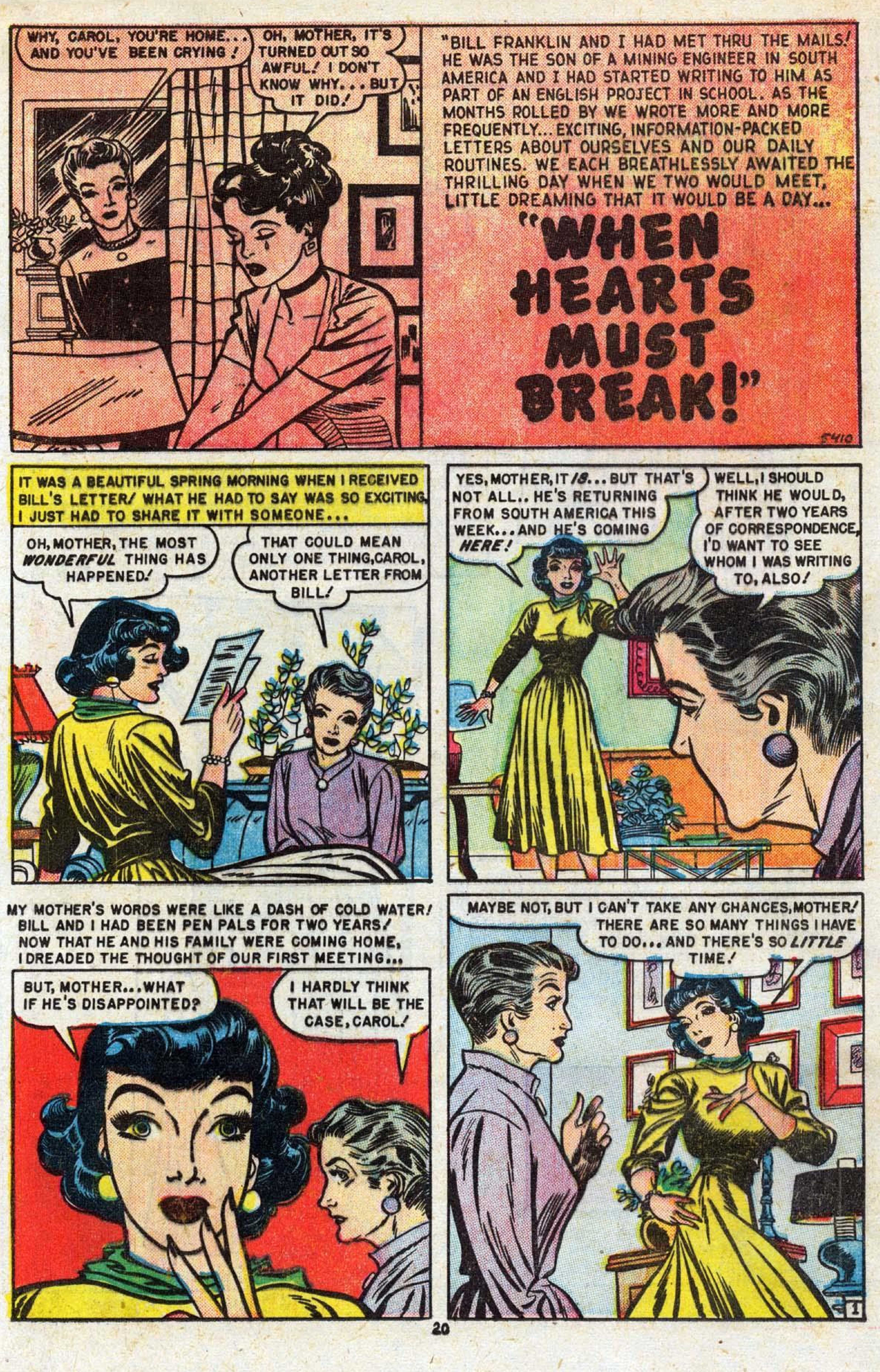
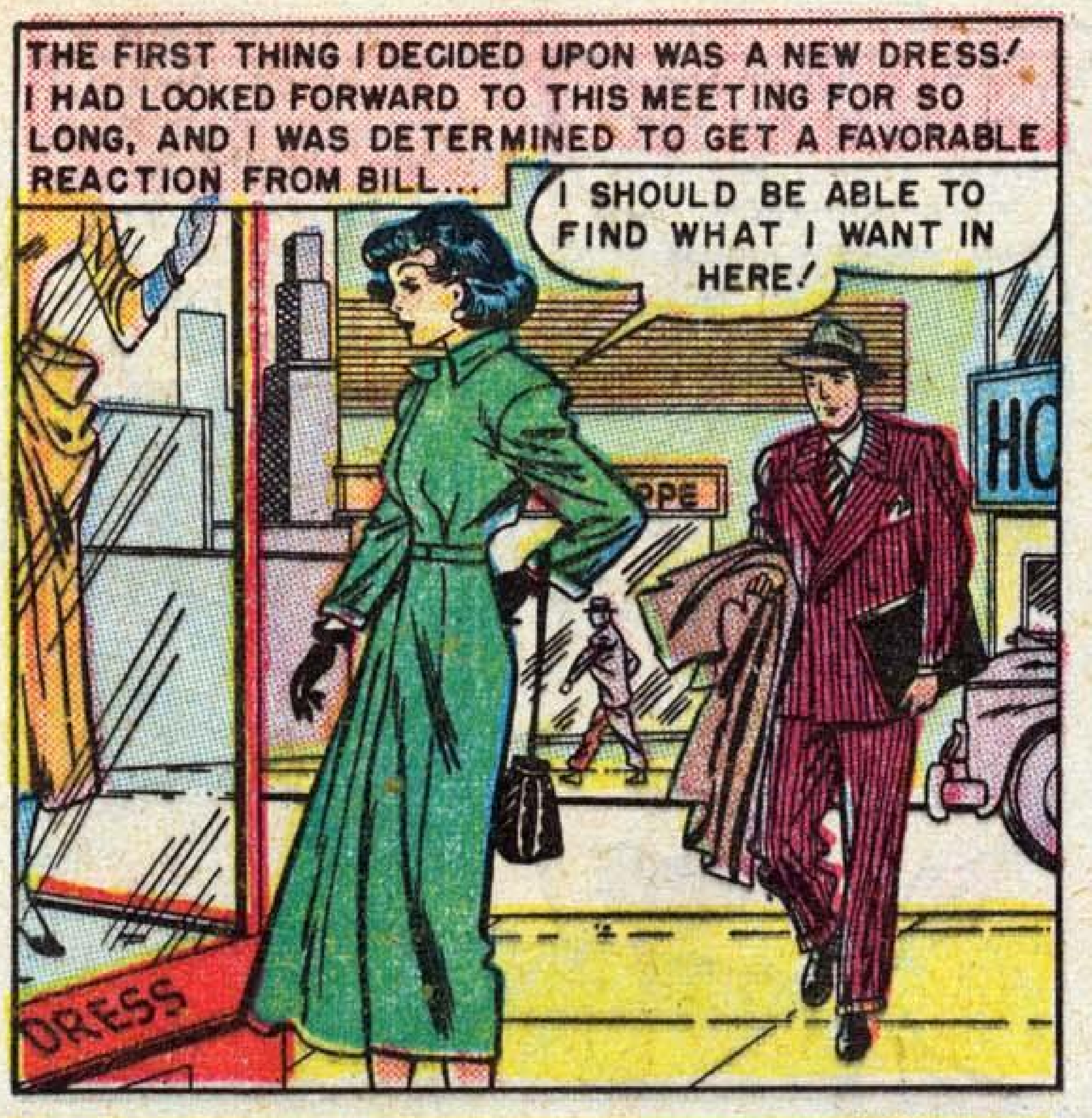
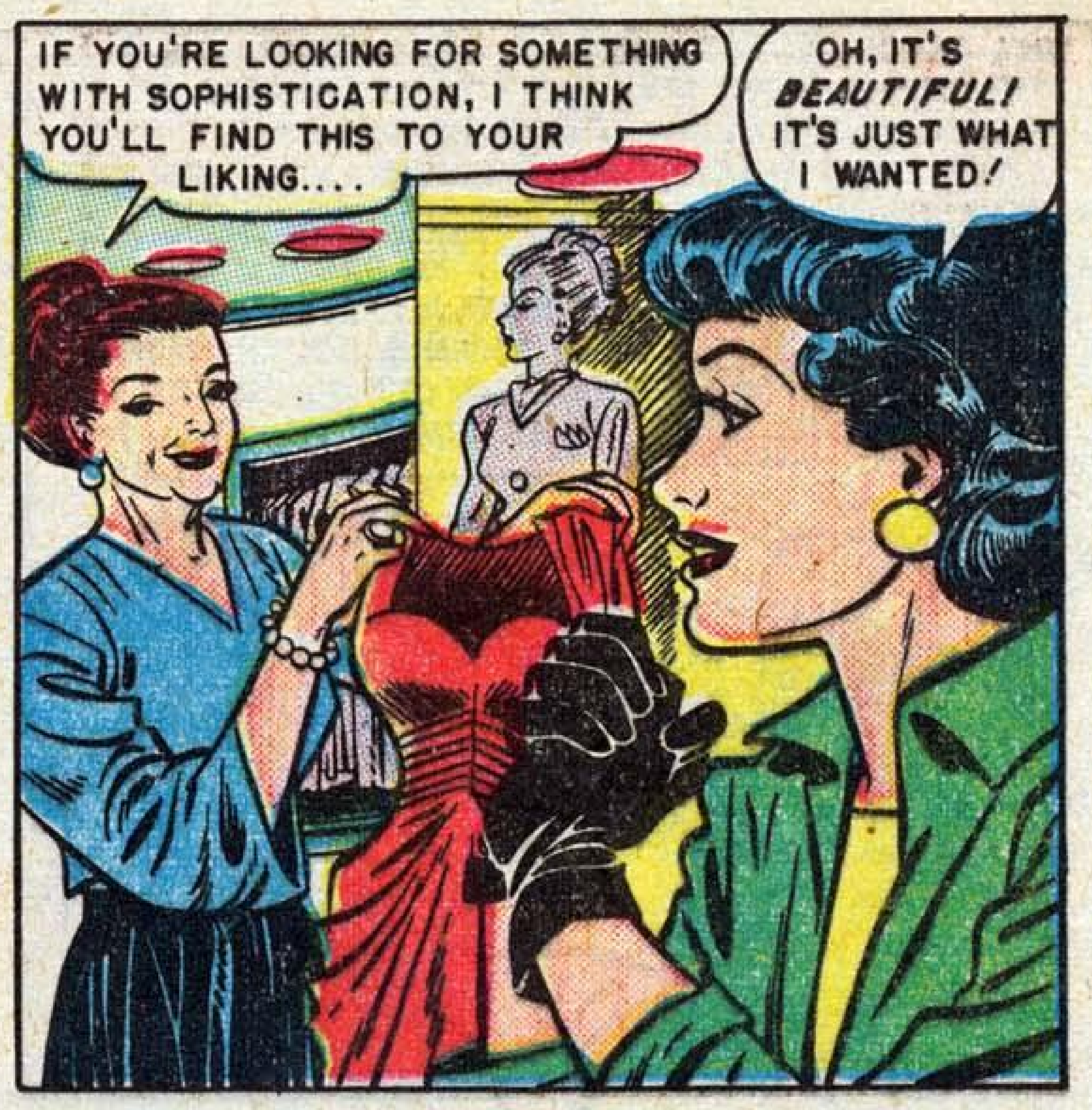
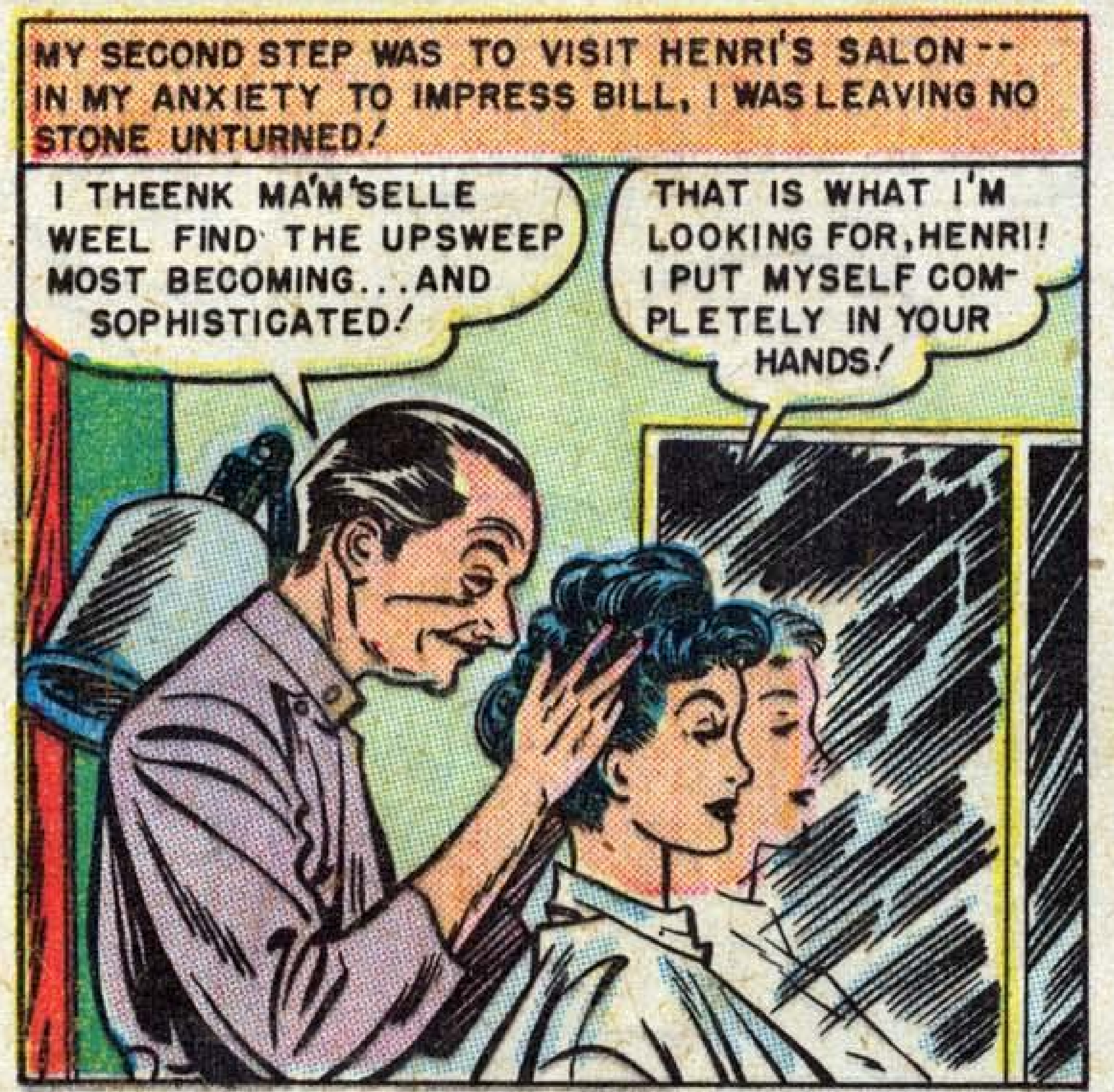
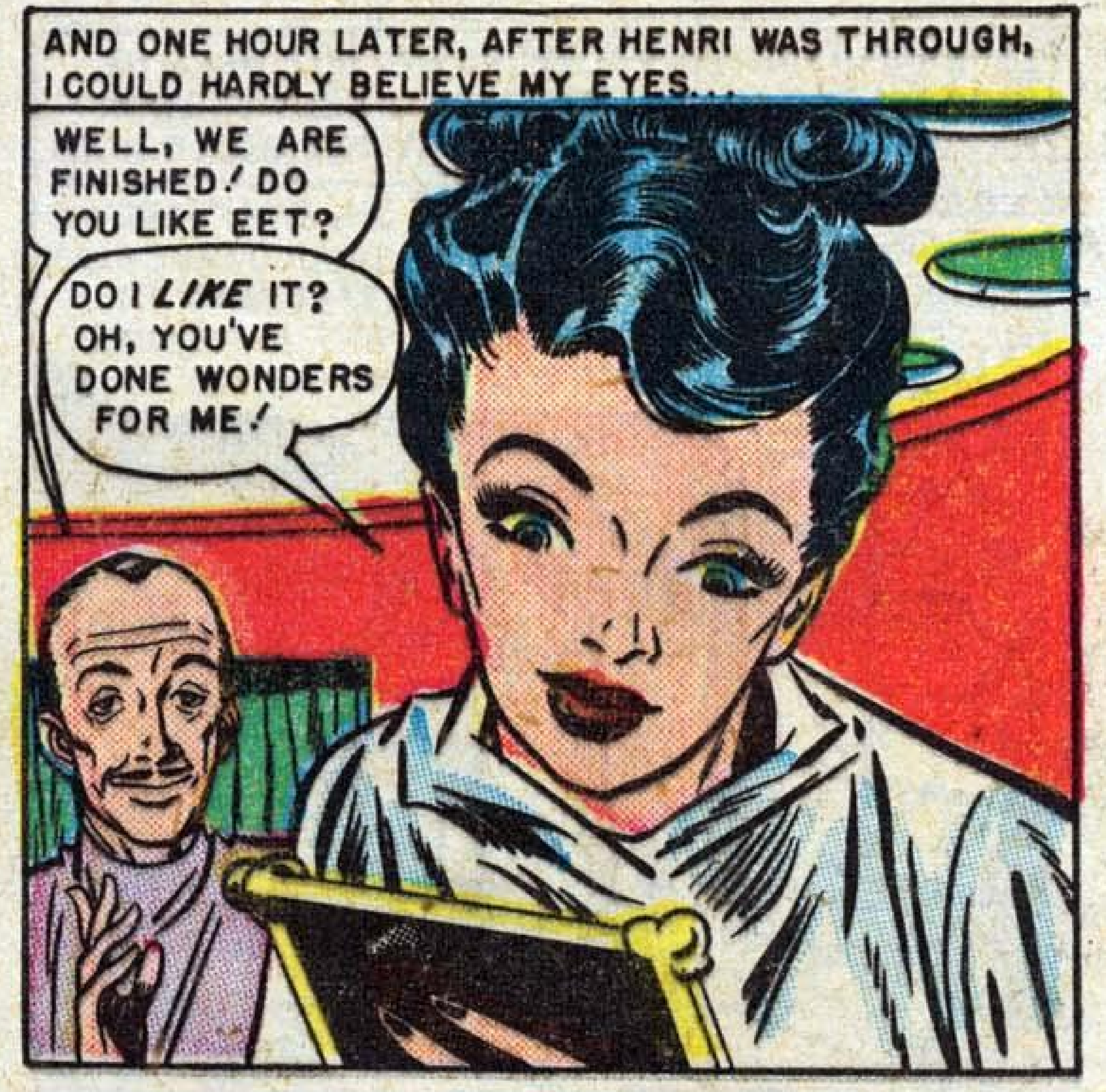
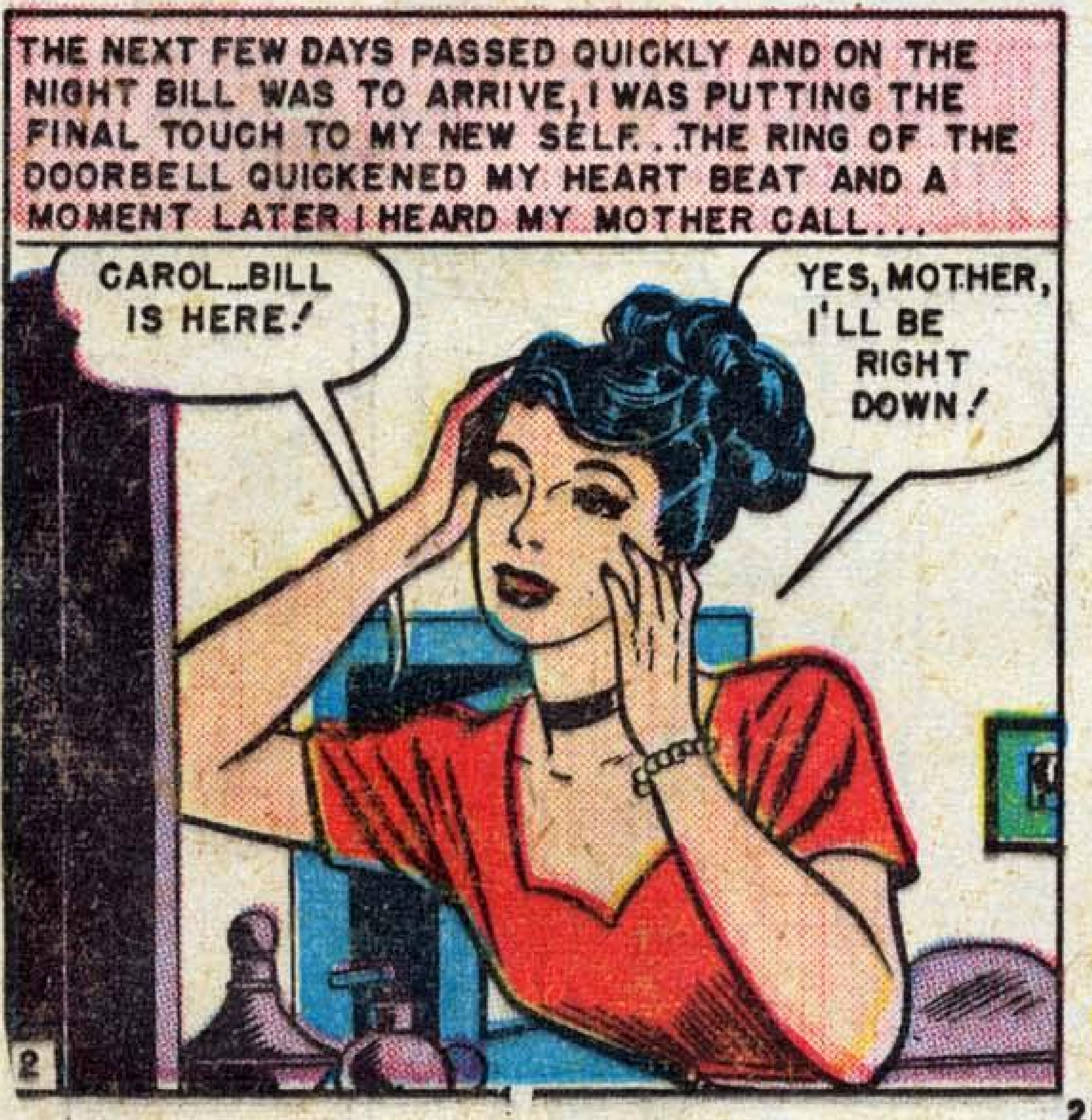

WHY, CAROL, YOU'RE HOME... AND YOU'VE BEEN CRYING!
OH, MOTHER, IT'S TURNED OUT SO AWFUL! I DON'T KNOW WHY... BUT IT DID!
"BILL FRANKLIN AND I HAD MET THRU THE MAILS! HE WAS THE SON OF A MINING ENGINEER IN SOUTH AMERICA AND I HAD STARTED WRITING TO HIM AS PART OF AN ENGLISH PROJECT IN SCHOOL. AS THE MONTHS ROLLED BY WE WROTE MORE AND MORE FREQUENTLY... EXCITING, INFORMATION-PACKED LETTERS ABOUT OURSELVES AND OUR DAILY ROUTINES. WE EACH BREATHLESSLY AWAITED THE THRILLING DAY WHEN WE TWO WOULD MEET, LITTLE DREAMING THAT IT WOULD BE A DAY...
"WHEN HEARTS MUST BREAK!"
5410
IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SPRING MORNING WHEN I RECEIVED BILL'S LETTER! WHAT HE HAD TO SAY WAS SO EXCITING, I JUST HAD TO SHARE IT WITH SOMEONE...
OH, MOTHER, THE MOST *WONDERFUL* THING HAS HAPPENED!
THAT COULD MEAN ONLY ONE THING, CAROL, ANOTHER LETTER FROM BILL!
YES, MOTHER, IT *IS*... BUT THAT'S NOT ALL.. HE'S RETURNING FROM SOUTH AMERICA THIS WEEK... AND HE'S COMING *HERE*!
WELL, I SHOULD THINK HE WOULD, AFTER TWO YEARS OF CORRESPONDENCE. I'D WANT TO SEE WHOM I WAS WRITING TO, ALSO!
MY MOTHER'S WORDS WERE LIKE A DASH OF COLD WATER! BILL AND I HAD BEEN PEN PALS FOR TWO YEARS! NOW THAT HE AND HIS FAMILY WERE COMING HOME, I DREADED THE THOUGHT OF OUR FIRST MEETING...
BUT, MOTHER... WHAT IF HE'S DISAPPOINTED?
I HARDLY THINK THAT WILL BE THE CASE, CAROL!
MAYBE NOT, BUT I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, MOTHER! THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS I HAVE TO DO... AND THERE'S SO *LITTLE* TIME!
1

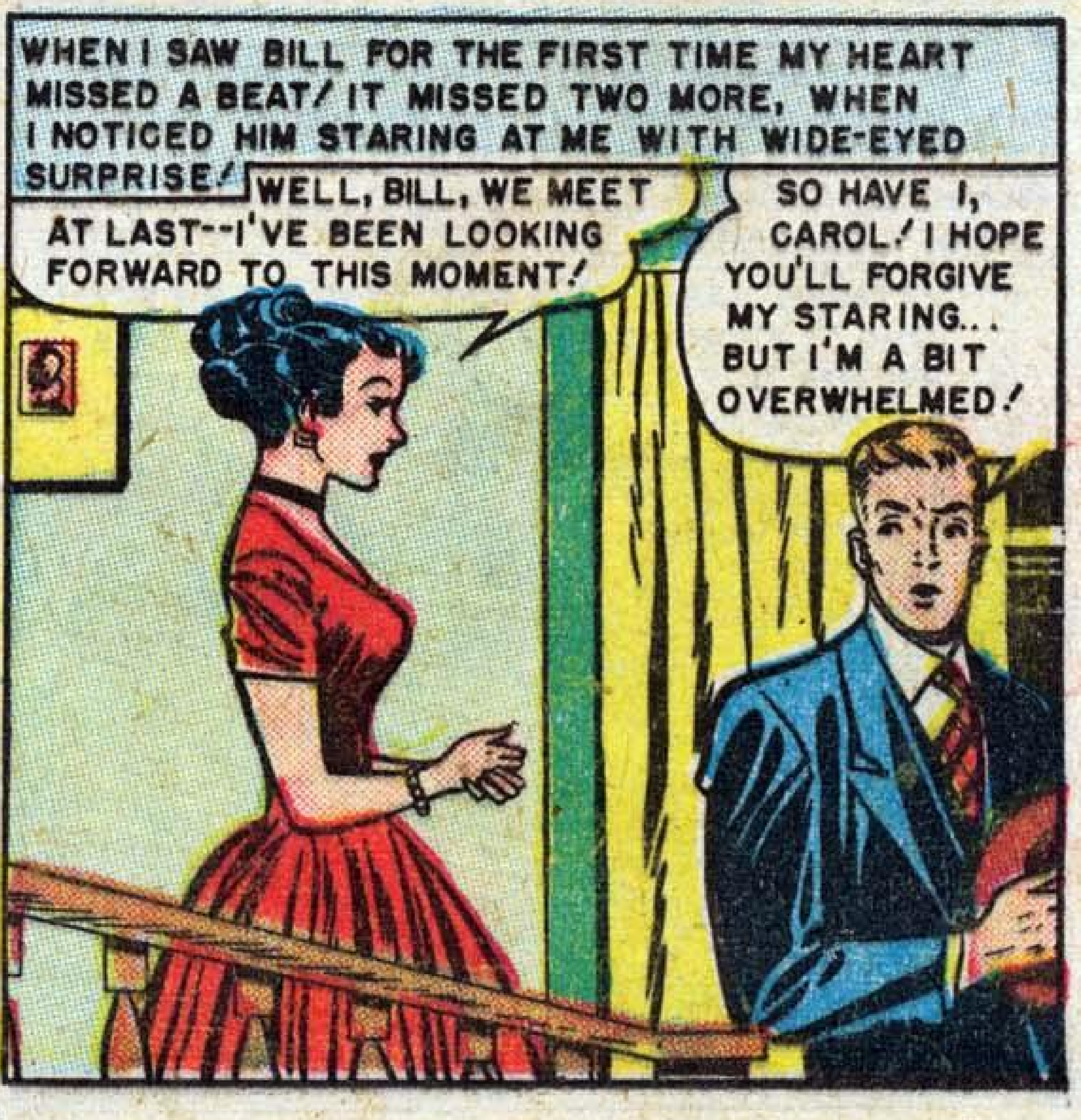

THE FIRST THING I DECIDED UPON WAS A NEW DRESS! I HAD LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS MEETING FOR SO LONG, AND I WAS DETERMINED TO GET A FAVORABLE REACTION FROM BILL...
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND WHAT I WANT IN HERE!
DRESS

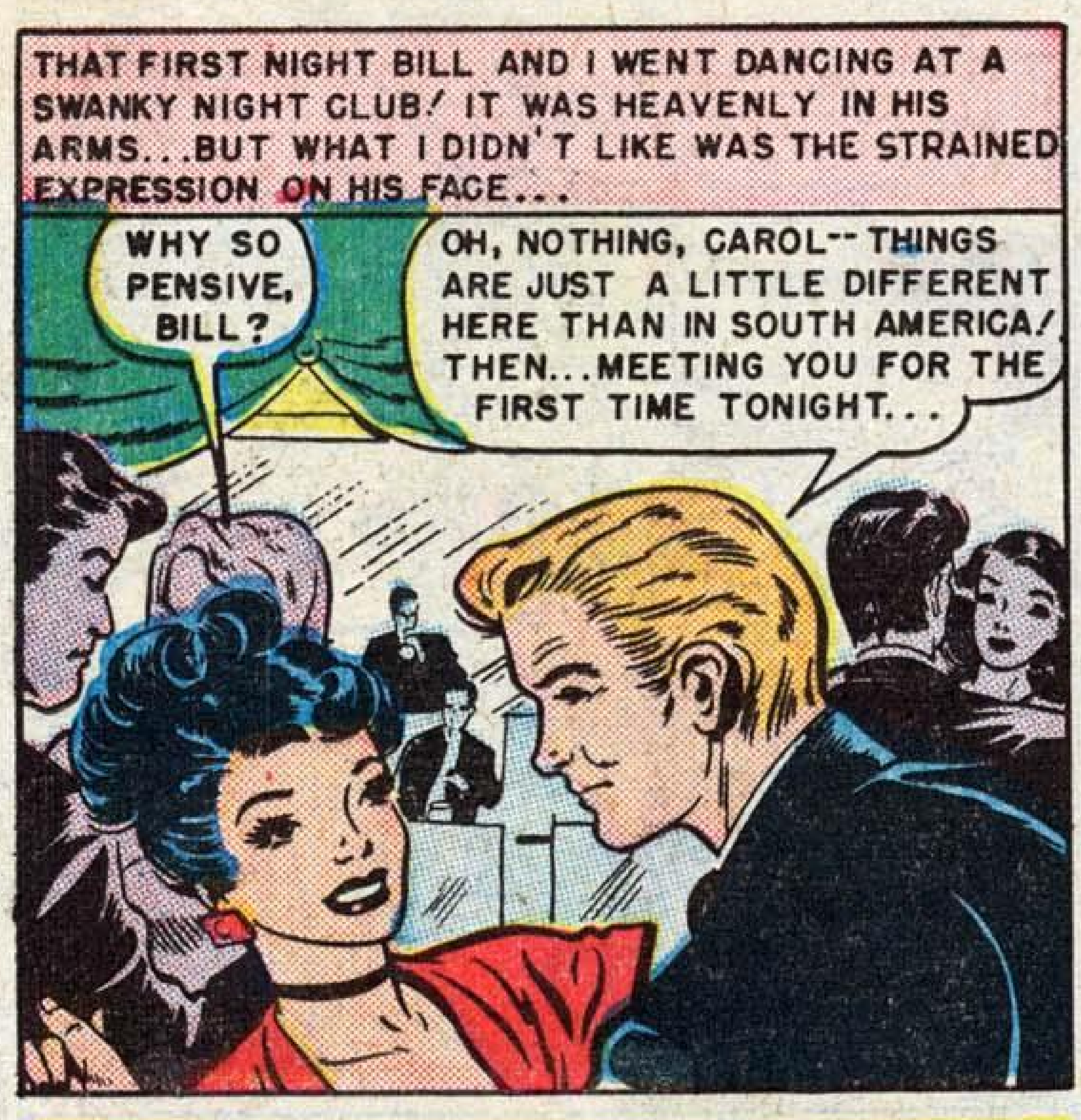

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING WITH SOPHISTICATION, I THINK YOU'LL FIND THIS TO YOUR LIKING....
OH, IT'S *BEAUTIFUL!* IT'S JUST WHAT I WANTED!

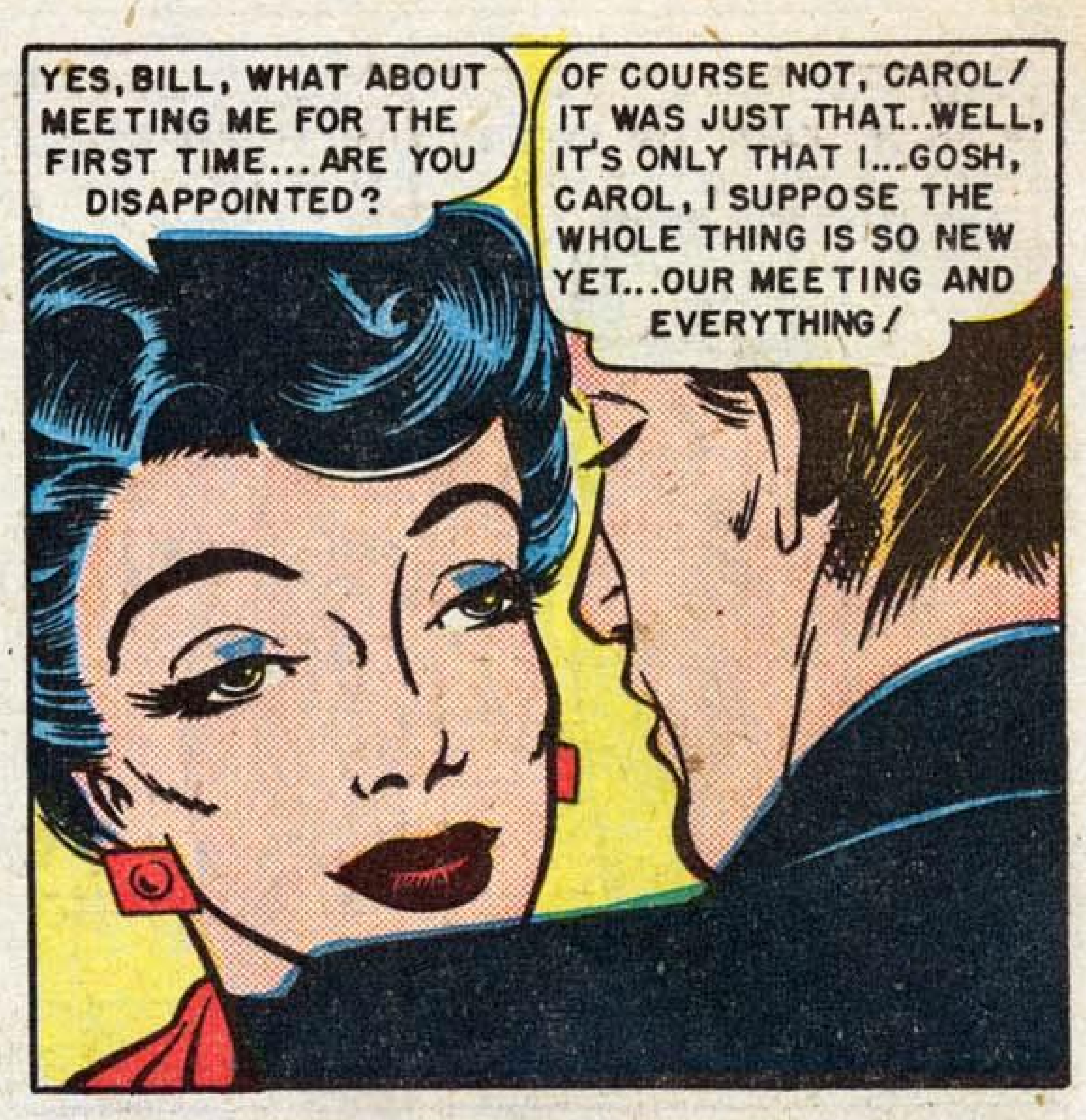

MY SECOND STEP WAS TO VISIT HENRI'S SALON--IN MY ANXIETY TO IMPRESS BILL, I WAS LEAVING NO STONE UNTURNED!
I THEENK MA'M'SELLE WEEL FIND THE UPSWEEP MOST BECOMING...AND SOPHISTICATED!
THAT IS WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, HENRI! I PUT MYSELF COMPLETELY IN YOUR HANDS!

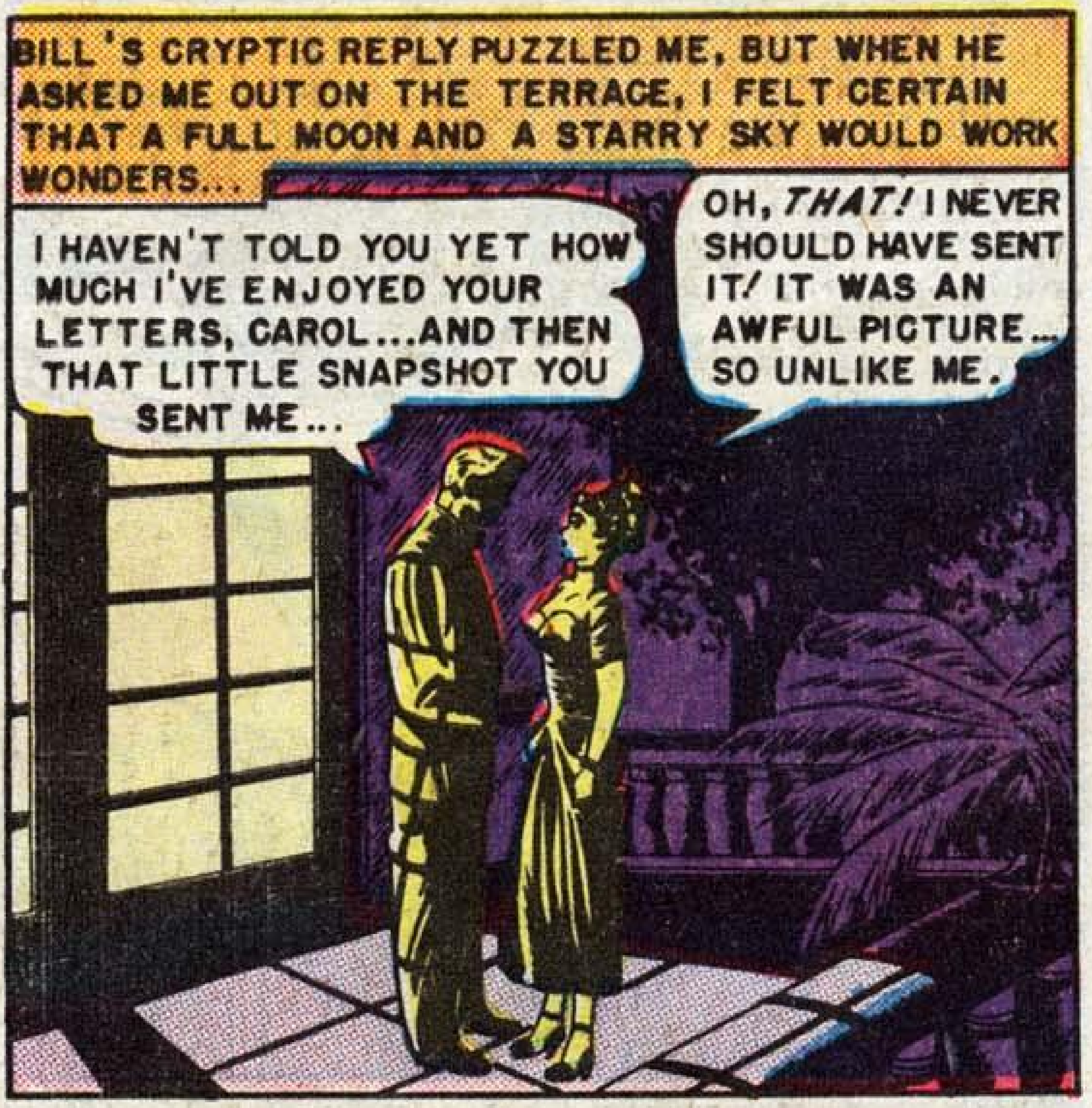

AND ONE HOUR LATER, AFTER HENRI WAS THROUGH, I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES...
WELL, WE ARE FINISHED! DO YOU LIKE EET?
DO I *LIKE* IT? OH, YOU'VE DONE WONDERS FOR ME!

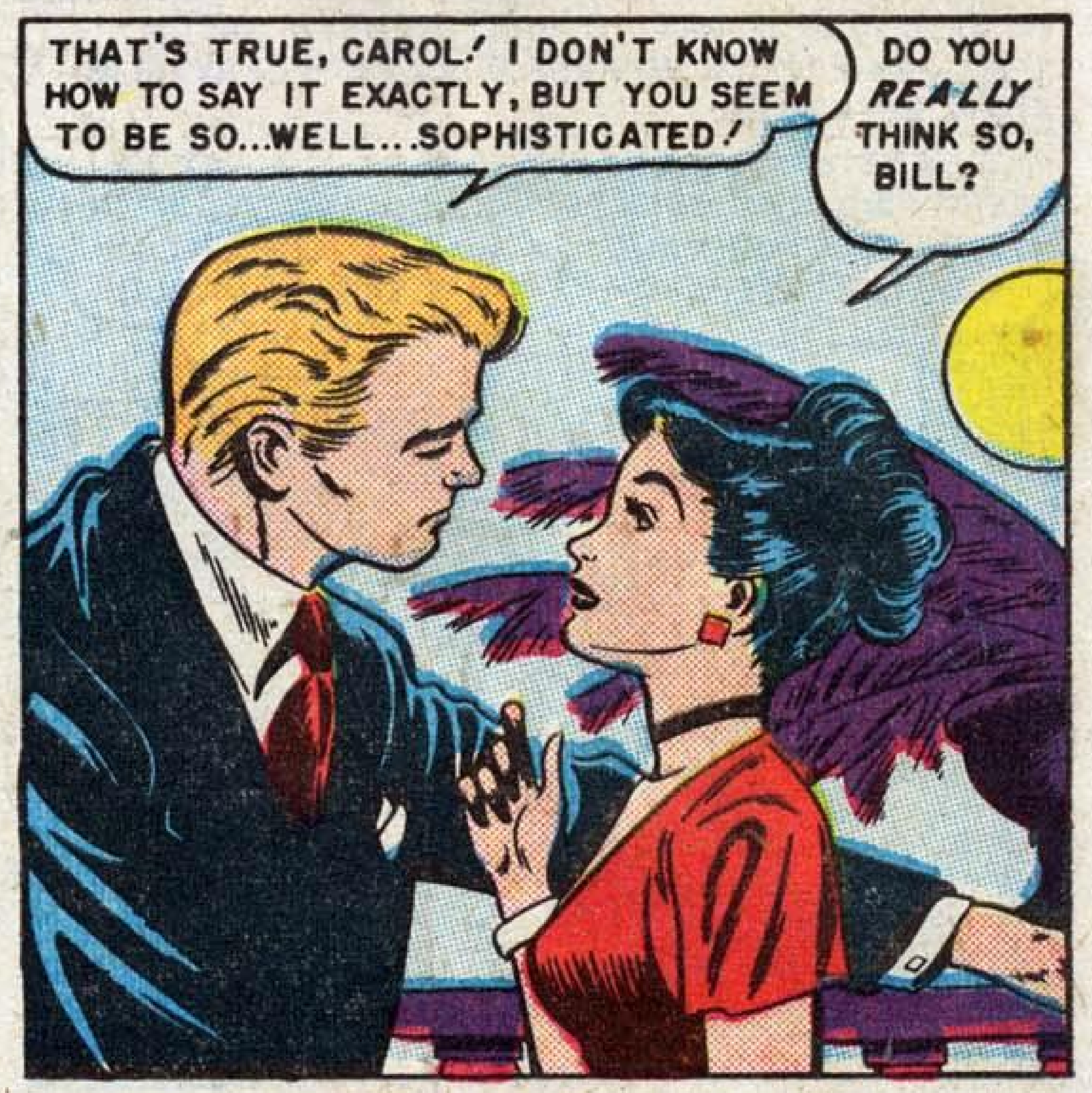

THE NEXT FEW DAYS PASSED QUICKLY AND ON THE NIGHT BILL WAS TO ARRIVE, I WAS PUTTING THE FINAL TOUCH TO MY NEW SELF..THE RING OF THE DOORBELL QUICKENED MY HEART BEAT AND A MOMENT LATER I HEARD MY MOTHER CALL...
CAROL..BILL IS HERE!
YES, MOTHER, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

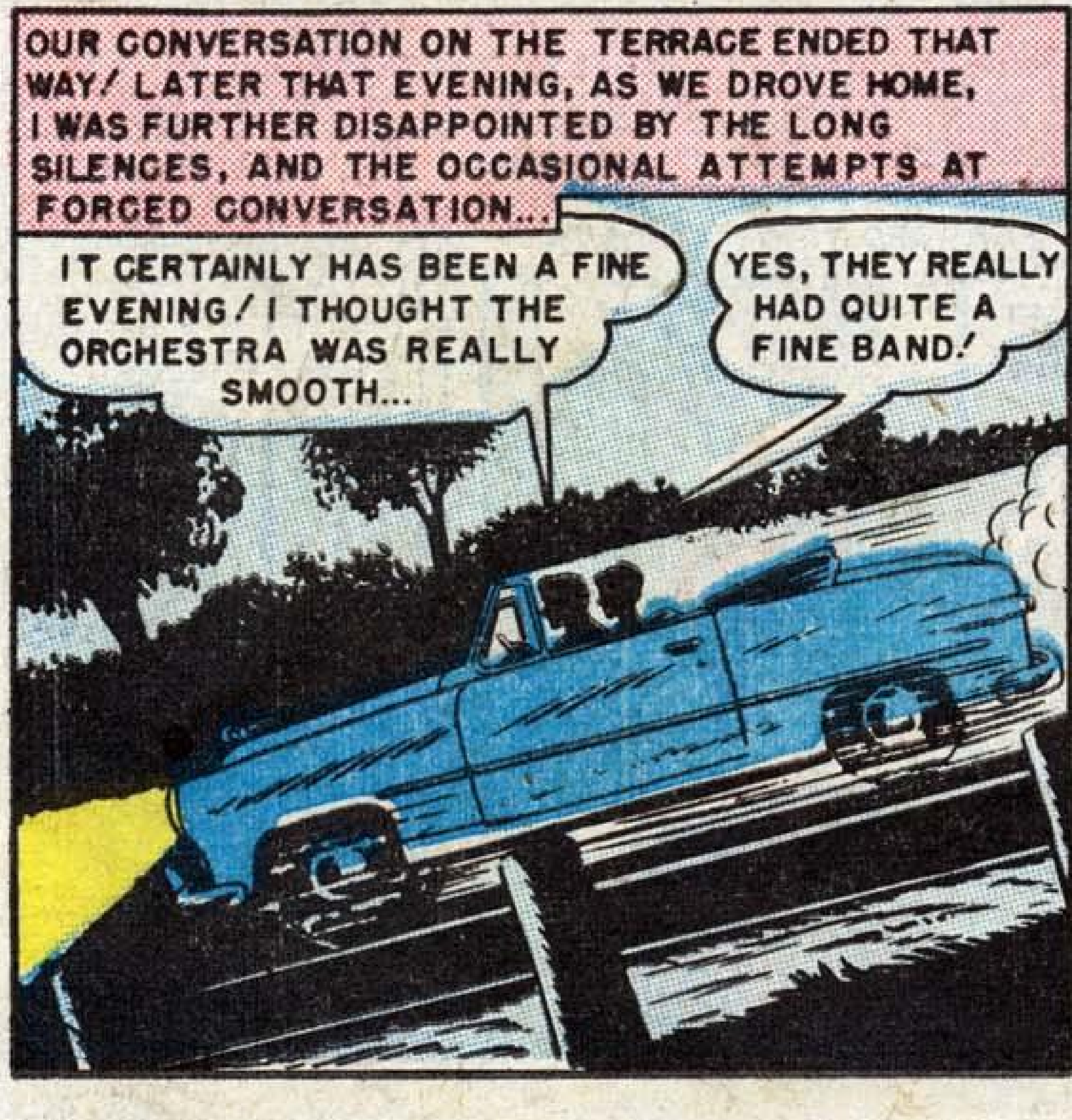

WHEN I SAW BILL FOR THE FIRST TIME MY HEART MISSED A BEAT! IT MISSED TWO MORE, WHEN I NOTICED HIM STARING AT ME WITH WIDE-EYED SURPRISE!
WELL, BILL, WE MEET AT LAST--I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS MOMENT!
SO HAVE I, CAROL! I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE MY STARING.. BUT I'M A BIT OVERWHELMED!

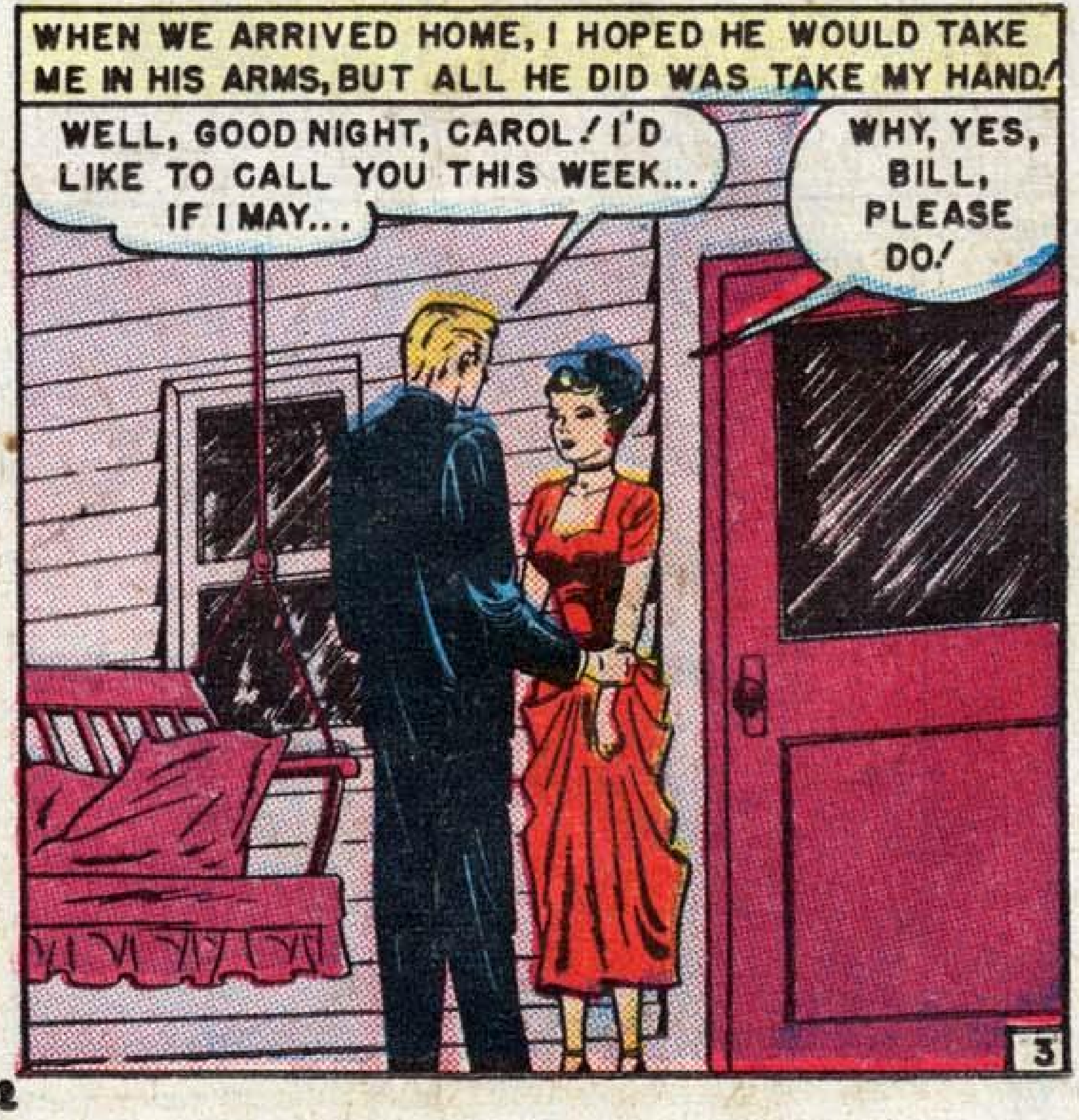

THAT FIRST NIGHT BILL AND I WENT DANCING AT A SWANKY NIGHT CLUB! IT WAS HEAVENLY IN HIS ARMS...BUT WHAT I DIDN'T LIKE WAS THE STRAINED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE...
WHY SO PENSIVE, BILL?
OH, NOTHING, CAROL-- THINGS ARE JUST A LITTLE DIFFERENT HERE THAN IN SOUTH AMERICA! THEN...MEETING YOU FOR THE FIRST TIME TONIGHT...

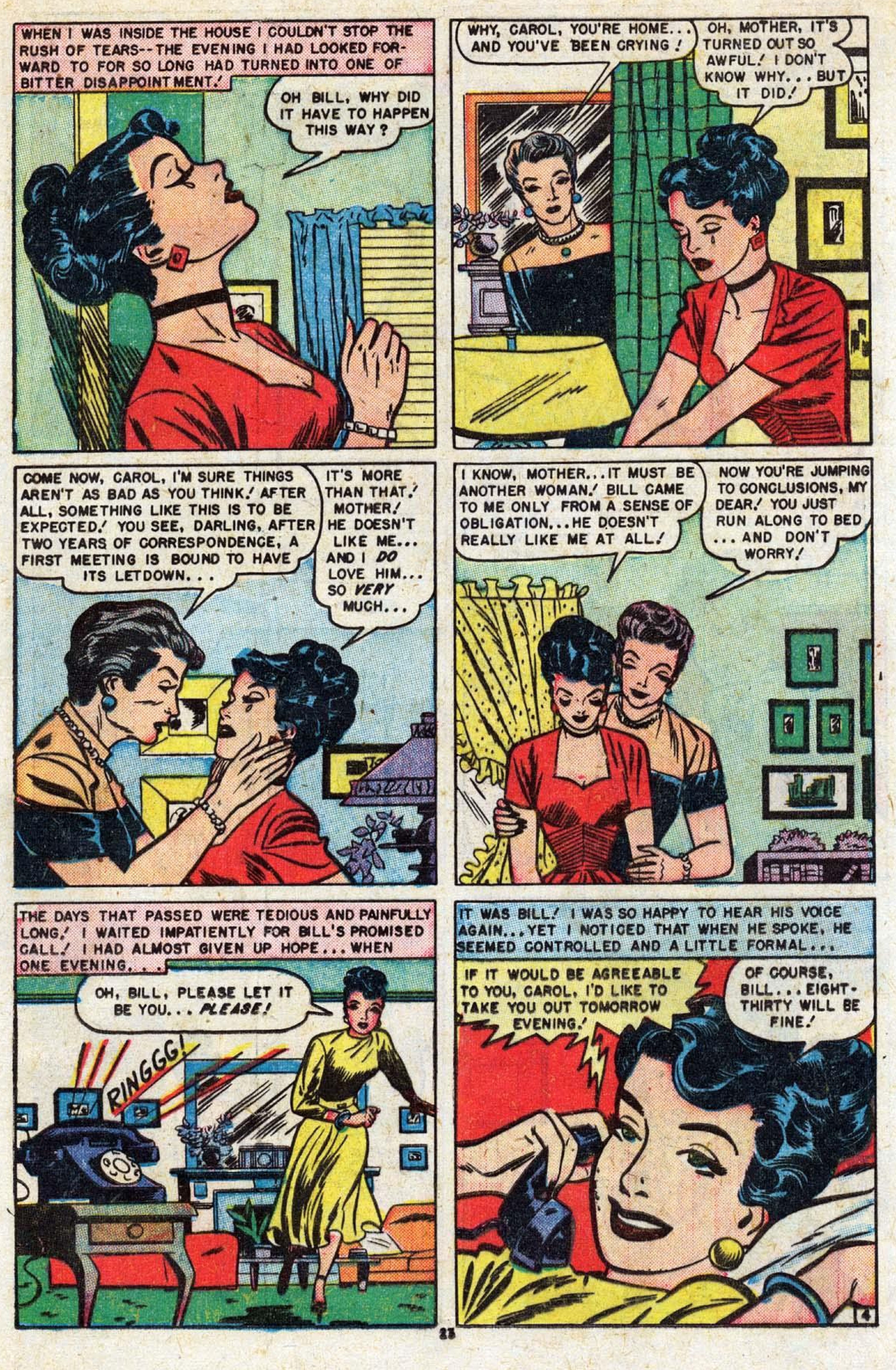

YES, BILL, WHAT ABOUT MEETING ME FOR THE FIRST TIME...ARE YOU DISAPPOINTED?
OF COURSE NOT, CAROL! IT WAS JUST THAT...WELL, IT'S ONLY THAT I...GOSH, CAROL, I SUPPOSE THE WHOLE THING IS SO NEW YET...OUR MEETING AND EVERYTHING!

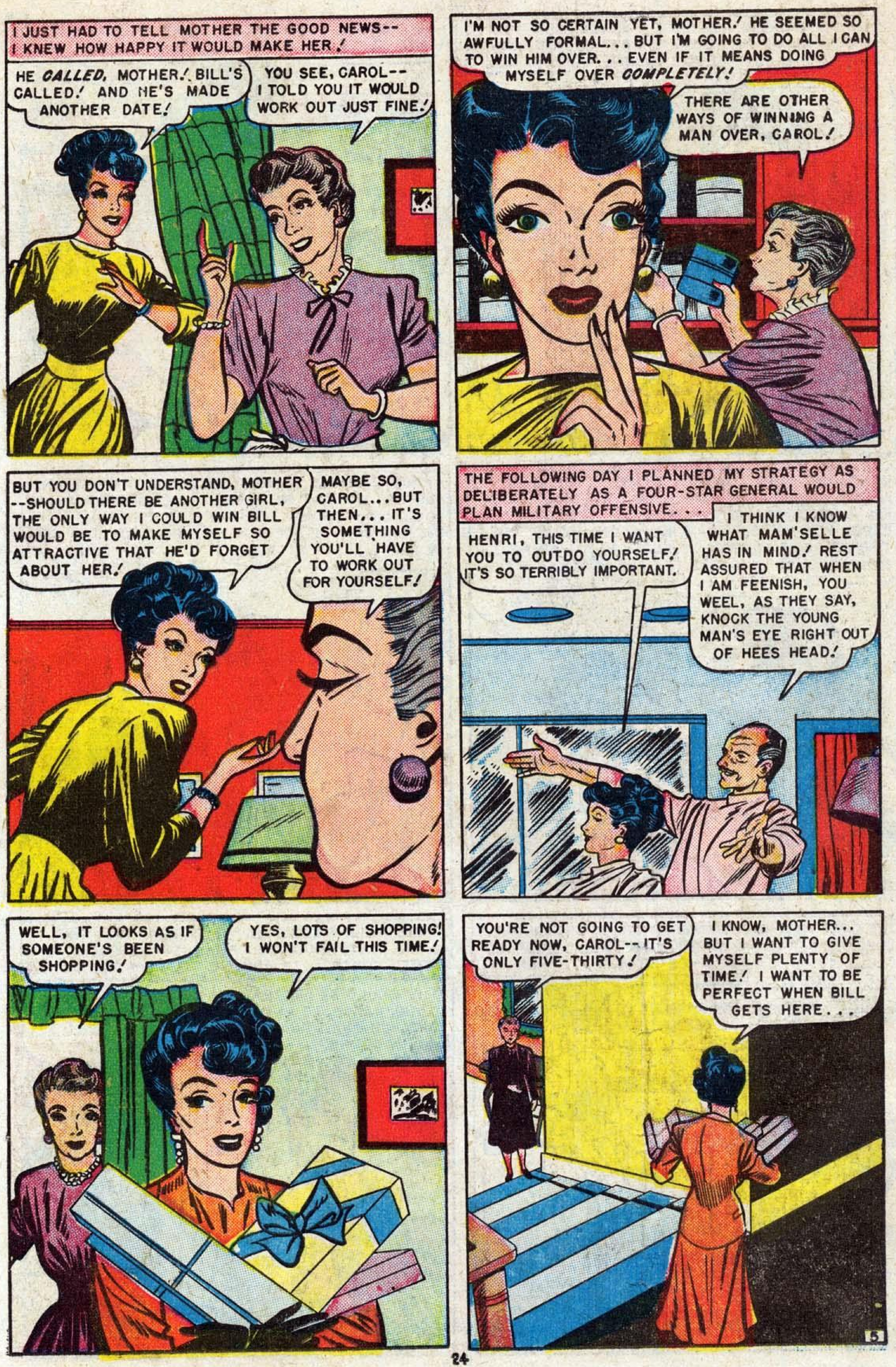

BILL'S CRYPTIC REPLY PUZZLED ME, BUT WHEN HE ASKED ME OUT ON THE TERRACE, I FELT CERTAIN THAT A FULL MOON AND A STARRY SKY WOULD WORK WONDERS...
I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU YET HOW MUCH I'VE ENJOYED YOUR LETTERS, CAROL...AND THEN THAT LITTLE SNAPSHOT YOU SENT ME...
OH, *THAT!* I NEVER SHOULD HAVE SENT IT! IT WAS AN AWFUL PICTURE...SO UNLIKE ME.

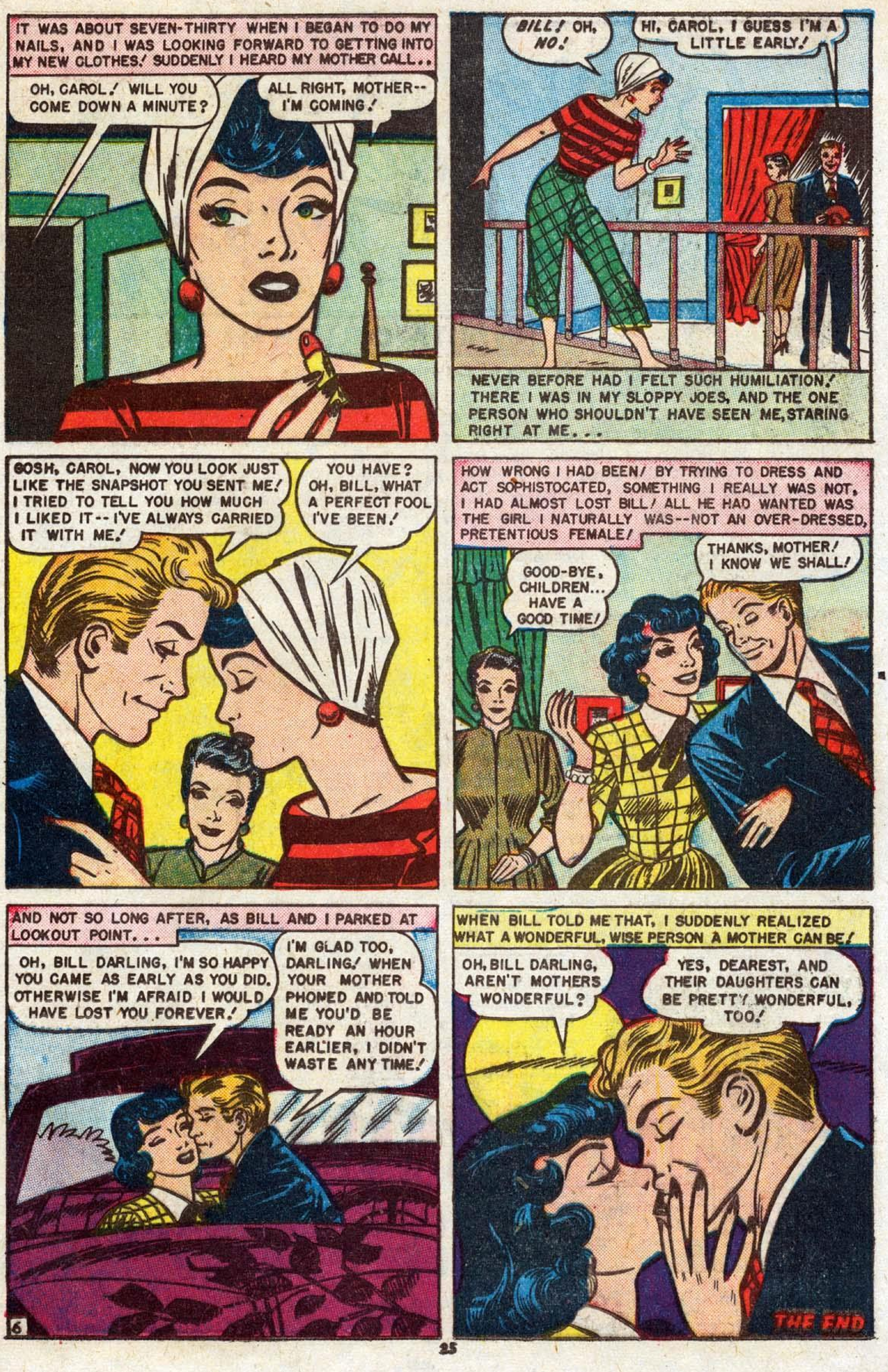

THAT'S TRUE, CAROL! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY IT EXACTLY, BUT YOU SEEM TO BE SO...WELL...SOPHISTICATED!
DO YOU *REALLY* THINK SO, BILL?


OUR CONVERSATION ON THE TERRACE ENDED THAT WAY! LATER THAT EVENING, AS WE DROVE HOME, I WAS FURTHER DISAPPOINTED BY THE LONG SILENCES, AND THE OCCASIONAL ATTEMPTS AT FORCED CONVERSATION...
IT CERTAINLY HAS BEEN A FINE EVENING! I THOUGHT THE ORCHESTRA WAS REALLY SMOOTH...
YES, THEY REALLY HAD QUITE A FINE BAND!


WHEN WE ARRIVED HOME, I HOPED HE WOULD TAKE ME IN HIS ARMS, BUT ALL HE DID WAS TAKE MY HAND!
WELL, GOOD NIGHT, CAROL! I'D LIKE TO CALL YOU THIS WEEK... IF I MAY...
WHY, YES, BILL, PLEASE DO!
3


WHEN I WAS INSIDE THE HOUSE I COULDN'T STOP THE RUSH OF TEARS--THE EVENING I HAD LOOKED FORWARD TO FOR SO LONG HAD TURNED INTO ONE OF BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT!
OH BILL, WHY DID IT HAVE TO HAPPEN THIS WAY?
WHY, CAROL, YOU'RE HOME... AND YOU'VE BEEN CRYING!
OH, MOTHER, IT'S TURNED OUT SO AWFUL! I DON'T KNOW WHY... BUT IT DID!
COME NOW, CAROL, I'M SURE THINGS AREN'T AS BAD AS YOU THINK! AFTER ALL, SOMETHING LIKE THIS IS TO BE EXPECTED! YOU SEE, DARLING, AFTER TWO YEARS OF CORRESPONDENCE, A FIRST MEETING IS BOUND TO HAVE ITS LETDOWN...
IT'S MORE THAN THAT! MOTHER! HE DOESN'T LIKE ME... AND I *DO* LOVE HIM... SO *VERY* MUCH...
I KNOW, MOTHER... IT MUST BE ANOTHER WOMAN! BILL CAME TO ME ONLY FROM A SENSE OF OBLIGATION... HE DOESN'T REALLY LIKE ME AT ALL!
NOW YOU'RE JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS, MY DEAR! YOU JUST RUN ALONG TO BED... AND DON'T WORRY!
THE DAYS THAT PASSED WERE TEDIOUS AND PAINFULLY LONG! I WAITED IMPATIENTLY FOR BILL'S PROMISED CALL! I HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE... WHEN ONE EVENING...
OH, BILL, PLEASE LET IT BE YOU... *PLEASE!*
RINGGG!
IT WAS BILL! I WAS SO HAPPY TO HEAR HIS VOICE AGAIN... YET I NOTICED THAT WHEN HE SPOKE, HE SEEMED CONTROLLED AND A LITTLE FORMAL...
IF IT WOULD BE AGREEABLE TO YOU, CAROL, I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU OUT TOMORROW EVENING!
OF COURSE, BILL... EIGHT-THIRTY WILL BE FINE!
4


I JUST HAD TO TELL MOTHER THE GOOD NEWS-- I KNEW HOW HAPPY IT WOULD MAKE HER!
HE *CALLED*, MOTHER! BILL'S CALLED! AND HE'S MADE ANOTHER DATE!
YOU SEE, CAROL-- I TOLD YOU IT WOULD WORK OUT JUST FINE!
I'M NOT SO CERTAIN YET, MOTHER! HE SEEMED SO AWFULLY FORMAL... BUT I'M GOING TO DO ALL I CAN TO WIN HIM OVER... EVEN IF IT MEANS DOING MYSELF OVER *COMPLETELY*!
THERE ARE OTHER WAYS OF WINNING A MAN OVER, CAROL!
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, MOTHER --SHOULD THERE BE ANOTHER GIRL, THE ONLY WAY I COULD WIN BILL WOULD BE TO MAKE MYSELF SO ATTRACTIVE THAT HE'D FORGET ABOUT HER!
MAYBE SO, CAROL... BUT THEN... IT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK OUT FOR YOURSELF!
THE FOLLOWING DAY I PLANNED MY STRATEGY AS DELIBERATELY AS A FOUR-STAR GENERAL WOULD PLAN MILITARY OFFENSIVE...
HENRI, THIS TIME I WANT YOU TO OUTDO YOURSELF! IT'S SO TERRIBLY IMPORTANT.
I THINK I KNOW WHAT MAM'SELLE HAS IN MIND! REST ASSURED THAT WHEN I AM FEENISH, YOU WEEL, AS THEY SAY, KNOCK THE YOUNG MAN'S EYE RIGHT OUT OF HEES HEAD!
WELL, IT LOOKS AS IF SOMEONE'S BEEN SHOPPING!
YES, LOTS OF SHOPPING! I WON'T FAIL THIS TIME!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET READY NOW, CAROL-- IT'S ONLY FIVE-THIRTY!
I KNOW, MOTHER... BUT I WANT TO GIVE MYSELF PLENTY OF TIME! I WANT TO BE PERFECT WHEN BILL GETS HERE...
5

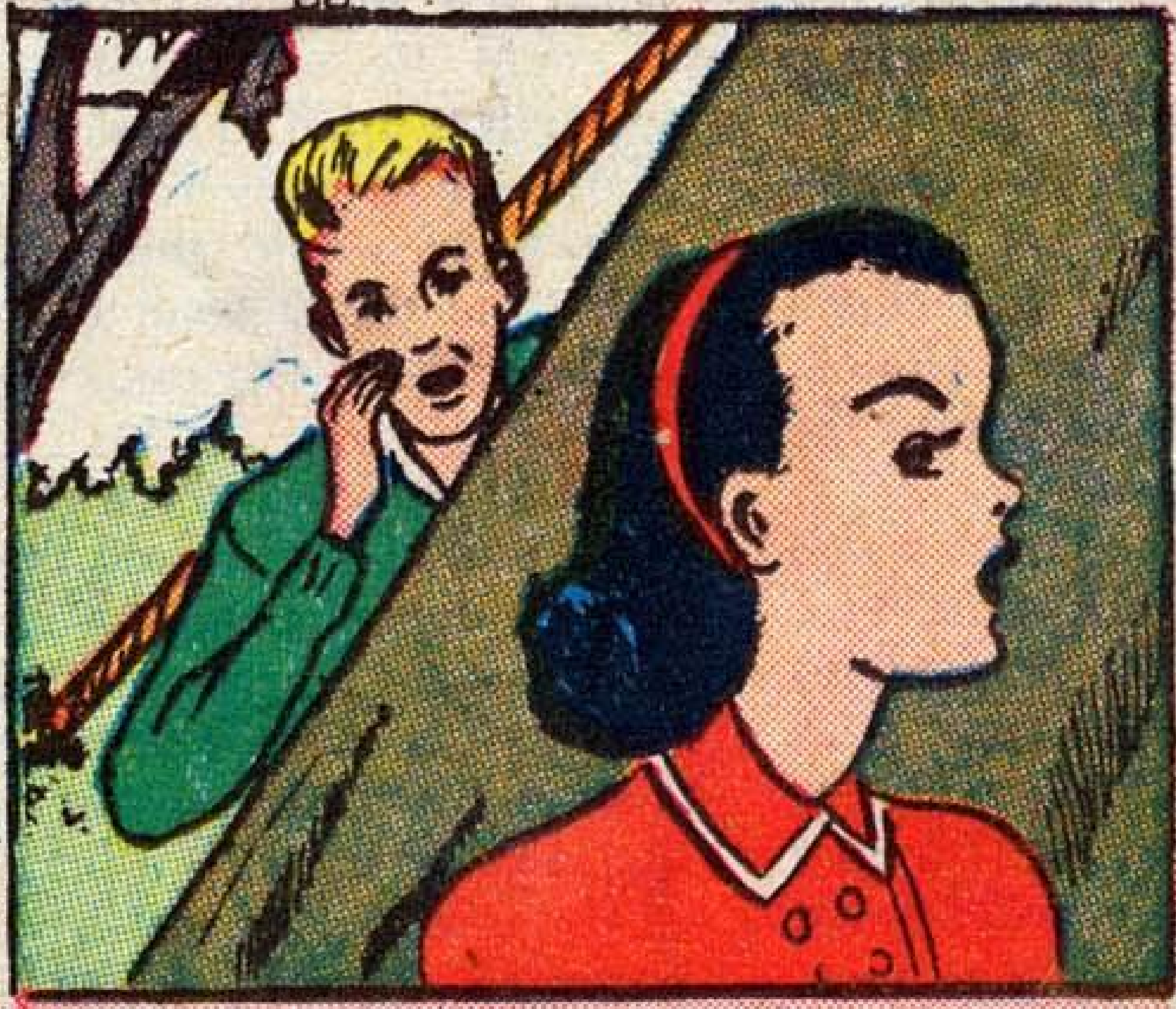

IT WAS ABOUT SEVEN-THIRTY WHEN I BEGAN TO DO MY NAILS, AND I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO GETTING INTO MY NEW CLOTHES! SUDDENLY I HEARD MY MOTHER CALL..
OH, CAROL! WILL YOU COME DOWN A MINUTE?
ALL RIGHT, MOTHER-- I'M COMING!
BILL! OH, NO!
HI, CAROL, I GUESS I'M A LITTLE EARLY!
NEVER BEFORE HAD I FELT SUCH HUMILIATION! THERE I WAS IN MY SLOPPY JOES, AND THE ONE PERSON WHO SHOULDN'T HAVE SEEN ME, STARING RIGHT AT ME...
GOSH, CAROL, NOW YOU LOOK JUST LIKE THE SNAPSHOT YOU SENT ME! I TRIED TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH I LIKED IT-- I'VE ALWAYS CARRIED IT WITH ME!
YOU HAVE? OH, BILL, WHAT A PERFECT FOOL I'VE BEEN!
HOW WRONG I HAD BEEN! BY TRYING TO DRESS AND ACT SOPHISTOCATED, SOMETHING I REALLY WAS NOT, I HAD ALMOST LOST BILL! ALL HE HAD WANTED WAS THE GIRL I NATURALLY WAS--NOT AN OVER-DRESSED, PRETENTIOUS FEMALE!
GOOD-BYE, CHILDREN... HAVE A GOOD TIME!
THANKS, MOTHER! I KNOW WE SHALL!
AND NOT SO LONG AFTER, AS BILL AND I PARKED AT LOOKOUT POINT...
OH, BILL DARLING, I'M SO HAPPY YOU CAME AS EARLY AS YOU DID. OTHERWISE I'M AFRAID I WOULD HAVE LOST YOU FOREVER!
I'M GLAD TOO, DARLING! WHEN YOUR MOTHER PHONED AND TOLD ME YOU'D BE READY AN HOUR EARLIER, I DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME!
6
WHEN BILL TOLD ME THAT, I SUDDENLY REALIZED WHAT A WONDERFUL, WISE PERSON A MOTHER CAN BE!
OH, BILL DARLING, AREN'T MOTHERS WONDERFUL?
YES, DEAREST, AND THEIR DAUGHTERS CAN BE PRETTY WONDERFUL, TOO!
THE END

Quickly, I pressed my advantage. "Really, Malcolm? But why?"

"Well," he replied slowly, "you may think it's sort of odd. But I've become interested in astrology, and I was just debating whether I should call you up to find out if your zodiac sign complements . . ."

Need I say Malcolm never finished this sentence? He was even easier to corral than Alice, and my plans were ready.

. . . The next day I didn't see Ted until the meeting, and even then, because he was the last to arrive, I had no chance to say any more to him. He apparently had no new ideas for the bazaar because the first thing he asked for were suggestions.



"Midge!" someone was undeniably whispering. Then I saw Ted's head poke our from behind the Prince's tent.

Malcolm quickly took the floor. "Mr. Chairman, how about a fortune-telling booth? Everyone wants to know what the future holds, so it would be easy to build up as the feature attraction. We can probably get that outfit at the carnival to stay over after they close on Wednesday."

Everybody nodded in agreement. Ted glanced suspiciously at me, so I smiled innocently at him. But he wasn't giving in that easily.

"Order, please! *Order!*" he called above the excited murmurings. "I just want to say a few words. Midge and I went to the carnival last Saturday, and there was something about the fortunetellers that bothered me." Everyone looked interested, but then Ted stumbled, "I—er—I can't quite remember what it was." The committee members smiled knowingly at each other, so Ted finished quickly. "Anyhow, everybody knows crystal-gazers are fakers, and I don't think it's fair to ask our parents and friends to support us and then give them nothing in return."

Ted accented the end of his speech by slamming his fist on the table, and an astonished gasp at his vehemence went through the room. I looked uneasily at Malcolm, but he rose to his feet at once. "But, Ted," he said, "everyone knows the feature of the bazaar is just an entertaining attraction to raise the main part of our fund. What could be better than these fortunetellers? Look how well they are doing at the carnival."

Alice stood up. "I agree with Malcolm," she said emphatically. "It wasn't anything definite that bothered you, Ted, and besides, I know I'd just *love* to go to a fortuneteller," she tossed a lovesick glance in Malcolm's direction.

"Nearly everybody would, I guess." Then she looked sharply at Ted. "And I don't think any of us ought to let personal considerations stand in the way of making the bazaar a success!"

That did it! The whole committee began shouting for the fortunetellers! They had been wavering a bit after Ted's comments, but all of them knew about our present triangle, and my plan couldn't have worked out better. Ted tried to register another protest, but the vote was unanimous—except for him, of course.

. . . The next few days went by in nervous flurries of excitement. Every waking minute was taken up with committee meetings, preparing booths, getting out publicity material, decorating the gym. The only time I was in personal speaking distance of Ted was the afternoon we went to ask the fortunetellers if they'd appear at the bazaar—and then Malcolm came along.

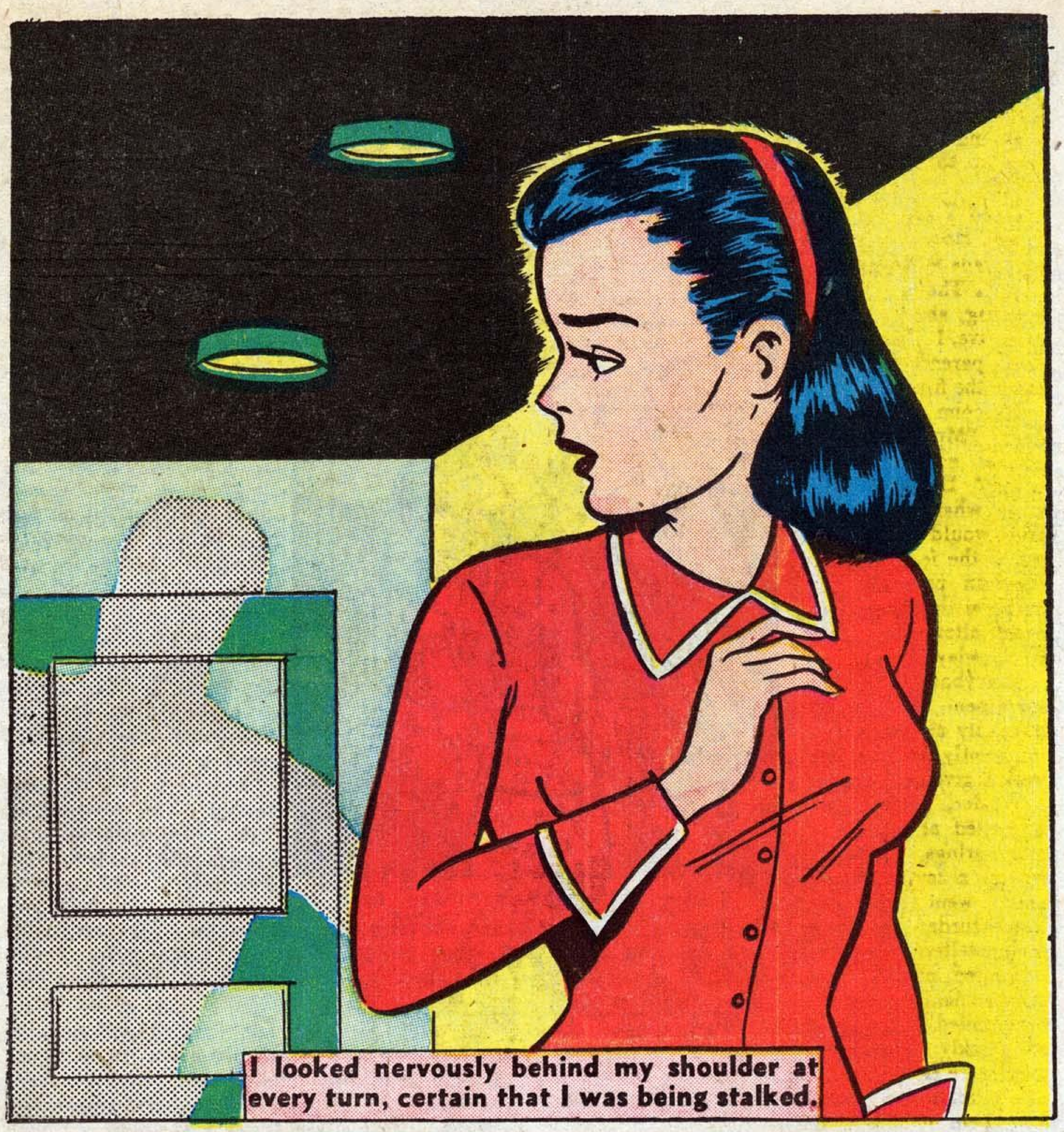
It was really a good thing I *was* so busy, or else I might have brooded over Ted's new look. He seemed rather cool, but I kept telling myself it was only because of his hurt vanity that my project had won . . . And after the bazaar was over and the class trip to Pontiac Lake was no longer a dream, he'd be sure to see the error of his ways and come to me bearing gifts of apology.

But I hoped that our visit to the fortunetellers would banish his doubts. There were only two of them—both dark, adventurous-looking characters, with their bandannas, the silver rings in their ears, and their brightly colored clothes. The taller one, known as Prince Omar, was the actual crystal-gazer, and the other, whose name was Sabah, conducted customers into the tent in a way that convinced the average person that he was about to enter the presence of a Great Human.

The contract we'd made out signed over a percentage of the profits to the Clarksdale Home for Little Wanderers, an organization that the Prince and Sabah had been plugging. Signs outside their tent proclaimed that twenty percent of their earnings were donated to this needy and worth-while institution. Sabah always handed a departing client a small card urging him to contribute at once and giving him the address.

Both of them agreed to the contract immediately and congratulated us on our altruistic souls. Ted *had* to be convinced now, I thought. How could he resist such a philanthropic pair? But he made no approving remarks, just concluded the necessary arrangements with them, and continued to scowl worriedly as we left the carnival grounds.

. . . The bazaar finally opened, and the crystal-gazers made such a big hit and were so agreeable about everything that I wasn't the least bit prepared for what happened the last day. Prince Omar


I looked nervously behind my shoulder at every turn, certain that I was being stalked.

had just told me he would consider it a great honor to look into the future of Mr. Haskins, our principal, so I'd left their tent to hurry up to the office where Mr. Haskins was guarding the money we'd taken in—almost fifteen hundred dollars! Suddenly, I thought I heard someone calling me, and I turned around. I could see no one waving at me though, so I walked away. Then I heard the voice again.

"Midge!" someone was undeniably whispering. "Midge!" I turned to see Ted's head poke out from behind the Prince's tent. I ran over to him.

"What's the matter?" I asked, annoyed. "They want to do Mr. Haskins so I'm going to stay there for him. And I've got to hurry—it's almost closing time!"

"I know, I know," Ted whispered. "But listen—they're up to something, and we've got to be . . ."

"Oh, Ted," I interrupted impatiently, "are you still on that? Look, I have to . . ."

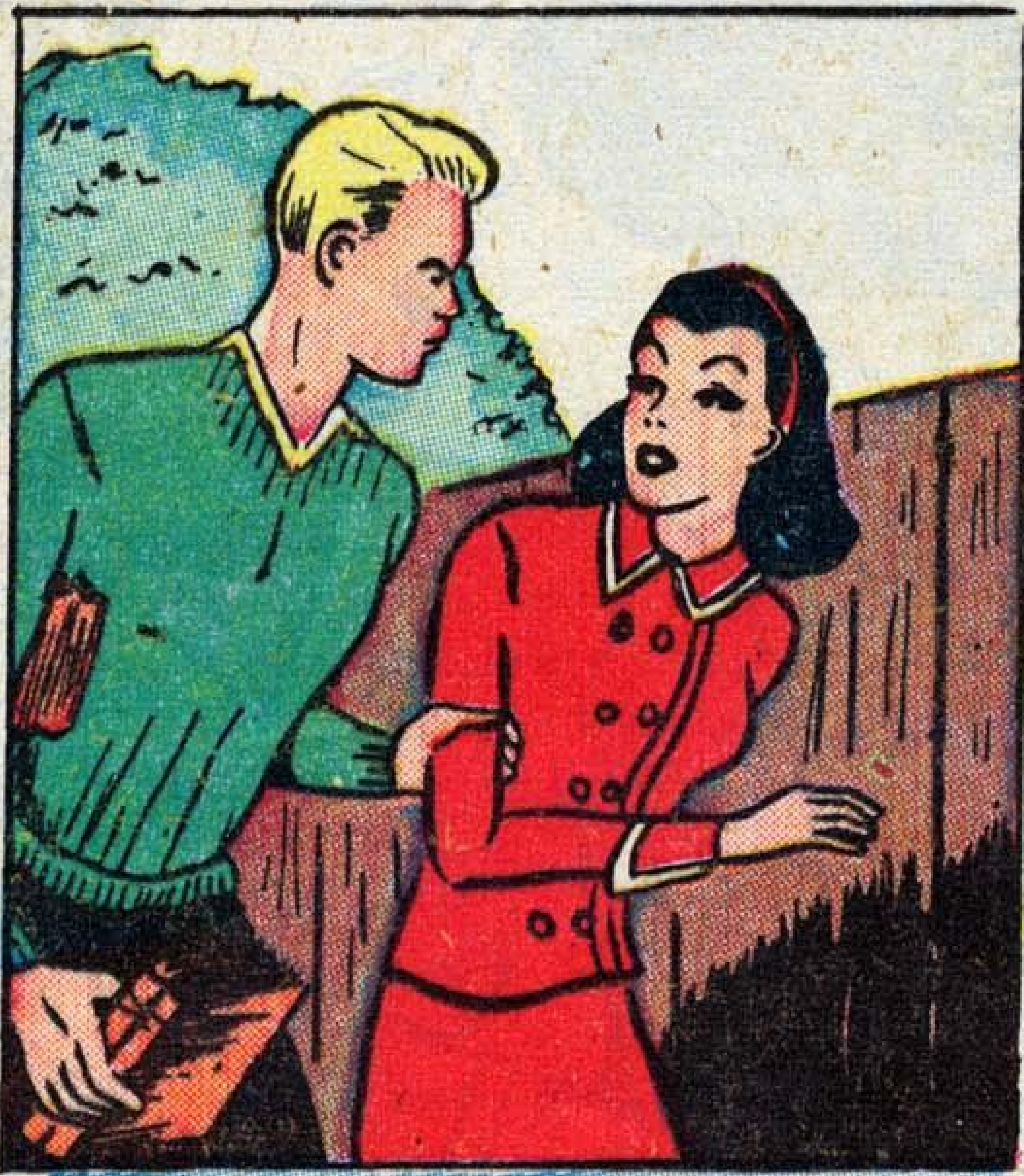
"Midge, *listen!*" He grabbed my arm. "I overheard Sabah telling the Prince that he didn't like the whole deal, and the Prince warned him to do as he was told, that they'd be out of here in another hour and everything would be okay. He said we were just a bunch of dumb kids and wouldn't suspect anything till they'd left!"

"Oh, no!" I cried. I was scared now. It was my fault they were here in the first place. "What do you want me to do?"

"That's just it," Ted said almost hopelessly. "I'm not sure what they're planning, but I wanted to warn you to keep your eyes open. Go on up. I'll be there in a few minutes."

I went—fast, looking nervously behind my shoulder at every turn, certain that I was being stalked. As I rounded the last corner to the small, dark recess where the office door was, I bumped into Sabah! I was so frightened I must have let out a real yell, and Sabah looked scared, too. I was sure he had just come out of the office door.

But he seemed unusually concerned about me. "Sorry, Miss," he said charmingly. "I came up to escort Mr. Haskins to Prince Omar, but he must already have left. I found the office door locked." He looked sharply, almost questioningly, at me, and instantly I felt that whatever they'd planned must already have happened! I *knew* Mr. Haskins wouldn't have left the office alone, even if he'd locked it, because we had all agreed that someone should be there as long as the bazaar was open.



Ted grabbed my arm and said grimly, "These brain storms of yours are always getting me into hot water!"

Gathering my wits, I nodded curtly to Sabah and said, "Yes, Mr. Haskins must be in the gym by now. I have to pick up something in the auditorium." I didn't want him to be suspicious of me. I knew I *had* to get into the office to see if the money was still there, and Ted would be here any minute. I turned to go to the auditorium, and, luckily, Sabah left at once.

I crept back to the office door, turned the handle—and the door opened! It wasn't locked after all . . . but there must have been a good reason for Sabah's having lied to me. I noticed that the door to Mr. Haskins' inner office was ajar, and I ran in. His office was a mess! There were papers strewn all over, some of the drawers were half open—and then I saw it! The strongbox that we'd kept our money in was on the desk. Its cover was closed—maybe they hadn't been able to unlock it. But, on second thought, they probably would have taken it along with them and jimmied it open later. I touched the cover. It wasn't locked! I opened the box immediately . . . and it was filled with scrap paper. I searched through it and found *not one dollar* of our hard-earned money, but I did notice a chain of skeleton keys which I slipped into my pocket.

Slowly what had happened began to dawn on me. Sabah must have come up to the office while I was talking to Prince Omar and Ted. Somehow Sabah convinced Mr. Haskins that he should go to see the Prince immediately. Oh, how obvious it all was to me now! When Mr. Haskins left, Sabah had a clear field in which to operate. He had taken our money, yes—but he had lost these keys. When he heard my footsteps, he probably decided that he would at least make a try with his story! If his original plan had worked, we would have waited for Mr. Haskins to reopen the office, and we'd have just shaken the strongbox to make sure the money was still there—and the crooks would have gotten away, scot-free.

I knew I didn't have a minute to waste. I grabbed up the strongbox and ran out of the office. Ted and I collided at the top of the stairs. He took one look into the strongbox, grabbed my free hand, and practically pulled me into the gym.

The booths were busy closing up, but we managed to find Mr. Haskins and Chief Jackson, of our local police force, talking together not far from the entrance. We told them our story quickly.

"When no one would pay any attention to me," Ted finished, "I decided to do a little checking on my own. I was suspicious about that box number they urged everybody to send contributions to. Today I received a letter from the State Welfare Board, saying that the Clarksdale Home for Little Wanderers is just a myth and that these men have been wanted for petty larceny for a long time! It'll be simple to show that the favorite charity of these crystal-gazers is themselves!"

"Oh, no!" Mr. Haskins moaned. "The only reason I left the office was because that scoundrel, Sabah, convinced me that Midge had asked him to come up there until she could get away! You'd better hurry . . ." He turned to Chief Jackson, but he had already left.

The "fortunetellers" had finished packing and were on their way to an exit—but that's as far as they got! The chief collared them and was covering them with a gun while another policeman searched their luggage. We arrived just as he found our money, along with some envelopes addressed to the Clarksdale Home for Little Wanderers! If the glances the Prince were giving me meant anything, my future was sure to hold terrible consequences.

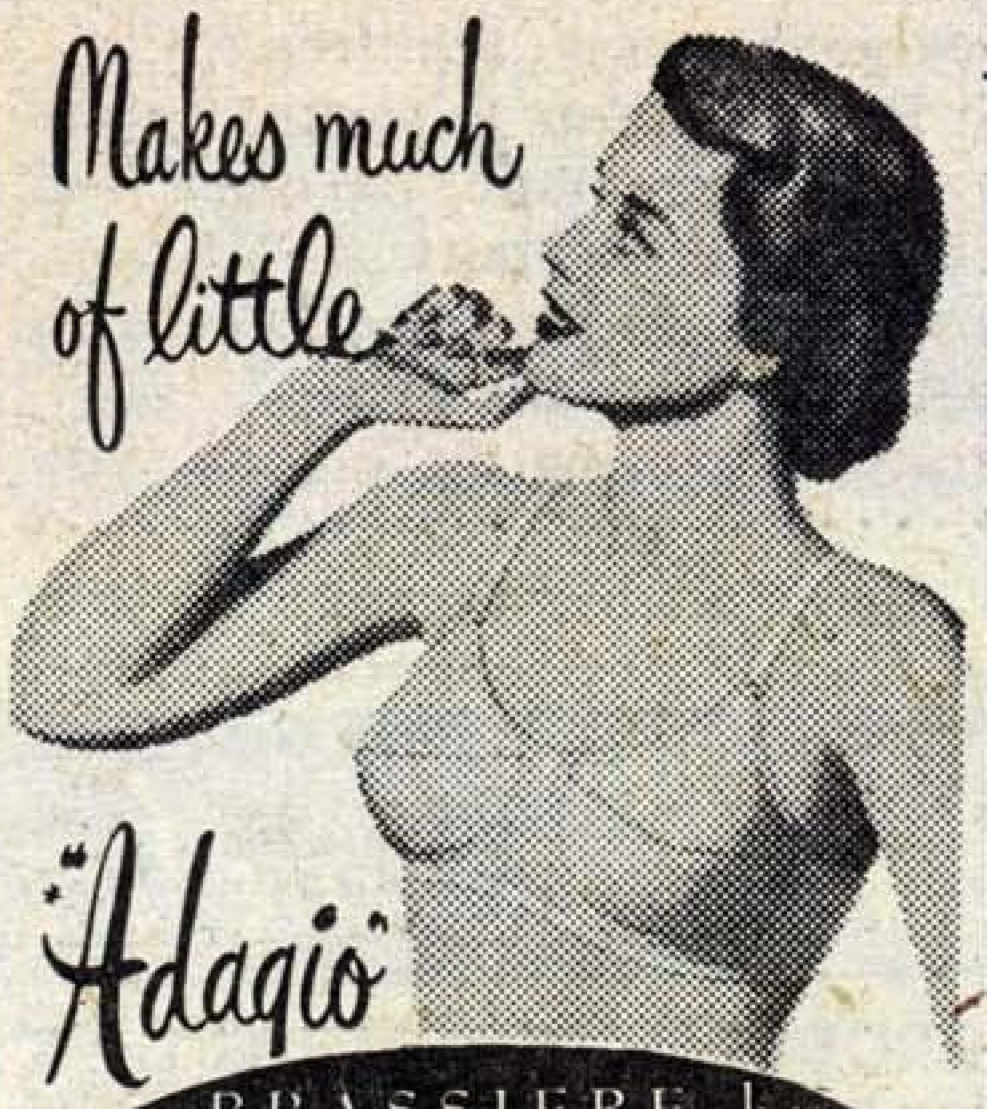
. . . But it didn't turn out that way. Ted's old look of adoration returned in time for the class trip, and, fortunetellers or not, Malcolm was happily convinced that Alice was the girl for him.

"Well, Midge," Ted drawled as we sun-bathed on the raft at Pontiac Lake, "I hope I've just survived the last of your projects!"

"I hope so, Ted," I said demurely. "But, you know, there's a new program on the radio all about thought waves, and I was wondering . . ."

By the time I recovered from the effects of being suddenly immersed in water, I'd forgotten all about thought waves!

THE END



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FOOD FOR FUN

CABBAGE CINCH . . .

Add a dramatic touch to that extra-special dinner dish with this recipe for SPICED RED CABBAGE.

Bring 3 quarts of water to the boiling point, and drop in a bag of spices—cloves, allspice, a bay leaf, etc. Shred a medium-sized head of red cabbage as finely as possible, and add it to the kettle. Cook gently for half an hour, and then drain well. Dissolve 3 tablespoons brown sugar in 4 tablespoons of vinegar, and pour over hot cabbage, adding a little salt and 3 tablespoons of butter.

And you'll "love that vegetable"!

GINGER! . . .

Remember the little gingerbread boy? See if you can't make your own.

Sift together 3 cups sifted flour, 1½ tablespoons ginger, 1 tablespoon cinamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon baking soda, 1 cup sugar and ½ teaspoon salt. Combine 3 well-beaten eggs, a cup of molasses, a cup of sour milk and a cup of butter, melted. Add this mixture gradually to the dry ingredients, stirring and blending well. Then beat hard for a full minute.

Pour into a waxed paper-lined pan and bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes until firm when pressed on top.

Serve hot, with whipped cream.

And it's ginger!

SUPPER-SWIFT . . .

Tonight is Mom's club night and you've got to get Dad's supper—in a hurry. Even if there's nothing much around, here's a de-luxe special that'll make him grin with delight.

Hard cook 4 eggs—2 for Dad and 2 for yourself. Peel and slice 2 medium onions. Cook 1 cupful brown rice in plenty of boiling salted water and cook the onions in a little butter until just transparent, but not brown. Sprinkle the onions and butter with ½ teaspoon of flour, to which ½ tablespoon of curry powder has been added. Pour in 1 cup chicken stock or broth.

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Check for seasoning and cook until the onions are tender. Then add ½ cup thick cream, heated, and the eggs, cut in halves. Heat through and then serve in a nest of the brown rice. Chutney is a must with this.

Swift and simple, isn't it?

Charm Corner

THIS CANDID NEW QUIZ FEATURE HAS BEEN CREATED BY OUR CHARM COUNSELORS FOR YOUR ALLURE . . BE SURE TO WATCH THESE PAGES EVERY MONTH FOR IDEAS TO IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS . . . AND LINE . . . AND SOCIAL LIFE!

Color Close-up

HOW COLOR CONSCIOUS ARE YOU? CHECK THIS QUIZ FOR THE ANSWER. MATCH THE COLOR IN THE LEFT COLUMN TO ITS CORRECT DEFINITION IN THE RIGHT-HAND COLUMN.

1. cinnamon	a. pale yellow
2. Kelly	b. yellow-green
3. amethyst	c. reddish-brown
4. mauve	d. light green-blue
5. champagne	e. bright green
6. chartreuse	f. blue
7. aquamarine	g. bright corn-yellow
8. coffee	h. pale bluish-purple
9. maize	i. dark brown
10. cornflower	j. purple

ANSWERS

1-c, 2-e, 3-j, 4-h, 5-a, 6-b, 7-d, 8-i, 9-g, 10-f.

Charm Barometer

IS YOUR GROOMING ZOOMING UP OR DOWN? USE THIS QUIZ AS AN INDICATOR—ANSWER YES OR NO TO THESE QUESTIONS. GIVE YOURSELF 10 POINTS FOR EVERY YES. AND REMEMBER, BE FRANK!

DO YOU . . .

1. Brush your hair 100 times every night?
2. Watch your weight?
3. Scrub your face twice a day?
4. Keep fingernails clean and filed?
5. Always use fresh powder puffs?
6. Get at least nine hours of sleep a night?
7. Allow yourself adequate time to dress for a date?
8. Eat meat, vegetables and fresh fruit every day?
9. Keep comb and brush neat enough to pass military inspection?
10. Check yourself when tempted to substitute safety pins for buttons?

ANSWERS

IF YOU . . score 100 — you're in tiptop condition!

90—double check yourself.

80—watch out, you're slipping.

70 and below — better start a conscientious campaign!

Tact Facts

WANT TO LEARN SOME INTERESTING POINTS ABOUT YOURSELF? CHECK THE WAY YOU REACT TO THE FOLLOWING SOCIAL PROBLEMS, AND SEE IF IT'S THE WELL-MANNERED, TACTFUL WAY.

1. When a boy phones for a date, and something better is in the offing, do you . . .
   (a) tell him to call you in a day or so?
   (b) answer yes or no and take your chances?
   (c) hedge vaguely so he doesn't know where he stands?
2. If you know your boy friend is short on cash do you . . .
   (a) insist on an expensive evening?
   (b) break your date with him?
   (c) suggest spending the evening at home?
3. When your date's at eight, and he arrives promptly, are you . . .
   (a) still twenty minutes behind schedule so that he has to be entertained by your family?
   (b) eagerly sitting on the front steps?
   (c) composed and ready to answer the door?
4. You're giving a party, and your ex-flame has brought the new girl in town. Do you . . .
   (a) introduce her and let it go at that?
   (b) suppress your feelings and see to it that she meets everyone and has a wonderful time?
   (c) dust her off completely, corner your friends and have a cat session?
5. Your friend's mother enters the room when you're at a hen party. Do you . . .
   (a) rise immediately and speak to her?
   (b) nod in acknowledgment, but remain seated?
   (c) ignore her and continue chatting?

ANSWERS

1-b, 2-c, 3-c, 4-b, 5-a.

ARE YOU ASKING YOURSELF HOW TO ATTRACT A MAN? OR ARE YOU THINKING THAT YOU COULDN'T EVEN ENTICE MICE? THESE THOUGHTS MEAN THAT IT'S TIME TO SOUND THE CHARM-ALARM AND GO INTO ACTION!

Fashioned for You

SEE IF YOU CAN MATCH THIS BATCH OF FASHION MISFITS—EACH ITEM HAS ITS PROPER MATE. CAREFUL, THIS IS TRICKY!

1. ankle sox	a. wrist corsage
2. tweed suit	b. straw basket-purse
3. dirndl skirt	c. cardigan
4. blue jeans	d. pearls
5. spectator pumps	e. saddle shoes
6. plaid wool skirt	f. nylon stockings
7. strapless formal	g. white shirt
8. black date dress	h. shoulder-strap bag
9. pullover sweater	i. off-the-shoulder blouse
10. silk summer print	j. costume jewelry

ANSWERS

1-e, 2-h, 3-i, 4-g, 5-f, 6-c, 7-a, 8-j, 9-d, 10-b.

Romance IS A PROBLEM

By CAROL WHITNEY

BABS COULD GIVE EVERYONE ELSE HARD-HEADED ADVICE—BUT WHERE BOB WAS CONCERNED, SHE COULDN'T HELP LISTENING TO HER HEART!

"GOLLY, Babs, the paper goes to press this afternoon, and look—we've only got two letters for your Miss Fixit Column!" Susie Fitzgerald wailed the minute Barbara Nelson entered the Milton High editorial room.

"Oh, have we *that* many?" Babs' surprise was pure sarcasm.

"Don't people in this school have problems any more?" Susie demanded.

"More than ever!" Babs flared, her long brown hair swirling about her shoulders. "But instead of writing letters to me, they grab my arm and haul me off to some corner. They want personal advice 'off the record.' Oh, Susie!" She slapped her books onto the table with a sharpness that startled the plump little editor of *The Bugle*. "I don't know why I let you talk me into signing my name to that column in the first place!"

"You mean you should have kept anomalous?"

"The word," Babs snapped, "is 'anonymous.' With my new reputation for giving advice, I'm constantly plagued by the heartsick and shunned like poison by the—the right people."

"You mean, shunned by people like Bob Mason?" Susie asked slyly. "Why, how could anyone get him out from under Grace Bassett's thumb?"

"There are other people in Milton High," Babs said decisively, "besides Bob Mason."

"But they aren't *exactly* like Bob Mason, are they?" Susie purred.

Babs deliberately ignored her question. "There are so many parties and dances coming up in the so dreadfully immediate future," she moaned, "and nobody has asked me to a single one yet. Do you really think it's because I've answered so many different problems in my column that they think I'm just a stodgy old know-it-all?"

"Oh, no, Babs!" Susie declared. "Everyone likes you. They think you're smart, and they respect your good judgment, and . . ."

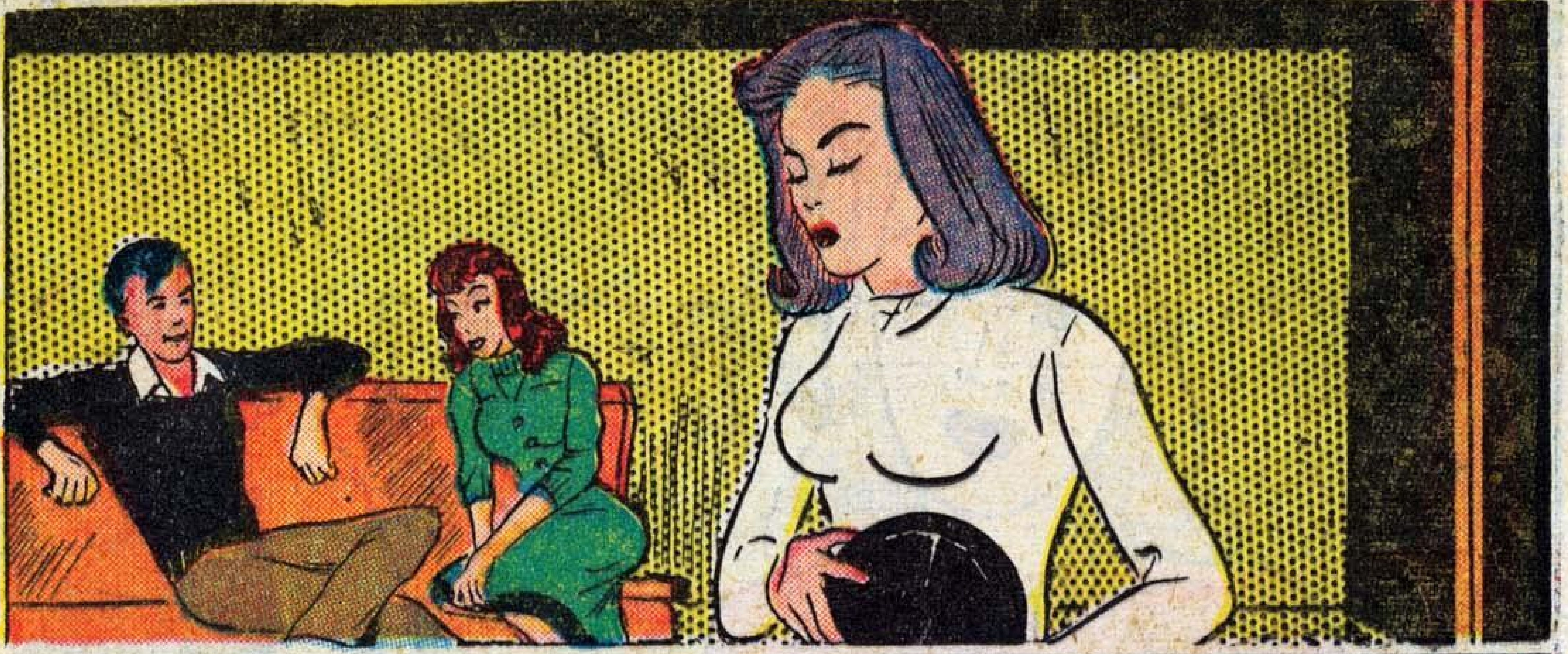
Babs thanked her in a sub-zero voice and stormed out of the room. She walked home briskly, stubbornly refusing to worry over the fact that the next issue of *The Bugle* would not carry Miss Fixit's Column.

The advice-to-the-lovelorn feature had been launched as a joke. Originally Babs had intended to invent problems and then solve them herself with a humorous twist, but the unexpected had happened. Her idea backfired and Milton High students submitted stacks of letters containing real, down-to-earth problems. Babs soon found herself answering the problems with gravity instead of levity. Only occasionally did her sparkling sense of humor poke its head through her writing, and the whole idea had grown definitely nonhumorous.

As Babs reached home, another alarming thought suddenly struck her. Why had she ever told Susie that she liked Bob Mason? Of course, nearly all the girls had a crush on Milton High's star pitcher, but when Susie Fitzgerald got hold of an especially interesting item, she spared nobody in her gossip column. And tall, dark and quiet Bob Mason was the type that scared easily—to say nothing of how Grace Bassett, with her octopus-like tentacles, would react.

. . . Coming out of algebra next morning, Barbara was pondering how different life might have been if she hadn't become weighty in her column. She shouldn't have taken the letters so seriously and given them straight answers, she fretted. Instead, she should have discouraged them with crackpot solutions and kept herself normal in the eyes of her schoolmates.

A hand lightly tapped her shoulder. "Do you



As Babs stepped toward the alley, she barely heard Grace's low, warm voice saying, "New girl friend, Bob?"

have a minute to spare, Barbara?" It was Bob Mason. He looked furtively about him, then led her out onto the fire escape. "I've got big troubles," he grinned.

"Oh?" Babs hoped she was smiling, but the corners of her mouth felt a trifle jumpy. She tried a tone of mock seriousness. "State your case, man, and we'll see if we can clear the fog."

But she didn't feel as light and casual as she sounded, for this was really the pay-off! Playing the big sister to the one fellow in Milton High that she was crazy about—Bob Mason! Her heart seemed to assure her that now she was a cinch for the title of Miss Wallflower of 1949.

Bob stared at his fingernails, and seemed to be forming his words in his mind. Finally he spoke, not looking directly at her. "It's about Grace," he said. "Grace Bassett. We used to get along pretty well, you see. But lately, when I ask her for a date, she always seems to have something else to do."

He tapped a pencil slowly on the edge of his books. "We had a lot of fun together," he went on. "A movie once in a while. Bowling." He laughed briefly. "She isn't very good at knocking the pins down, but we had a good time . . ."

Babs guessed the ensuing silence was her cue to say something. "Perhaps, if you don't ask her for dates for a while," she offered, "let her wonder . . ."

Bob turned on his grin again. "Then she might think I've lost interest. That little idea was in your column once, wasn't it?"

Babs frowned. "Don't follow my column too closely, Bob," she chided. "Besides, your case is different. It was Grace who broke off—I mean—that is, put you off. You'll have to act passively toward her and actively toward your problem."

"Huh?" Bob was plainly bewildered.

"What I mean is, do something without her. Try making her jealous."

"Like going out with another girl?"

"Yes, just about like that."

Bob scratched his chin. "Gosh," he muttered, "Grace knows all the girls in our crowd, and you know how girls—how *some* girls talk things over."

Babs let that one go by. "I suppose all the kids in your crowd are paired off anyway?" Bob nodded. "Well, why not date a girl whom Grace doesn't know so well?"

Bob's eyebrows went up sharply. "Do you think it's easy to step out of your usual crowd and find a girl? It isn't for me." A smile broke out on his glum face. "Anyway, I can't even remember how Grace and I started going together!"

Babs laughed. "All you have to do is ask a girl for a date. It's that simple!"

"Oh, yes. Just like that!" He snapped his fingers. "But I'd feel funny if they should say, 'sorry but . . .' "

Abruptly, he stopped speaking and stared at Babs. "Say, maybe you could help me, Babs! That is, if you aren't—but I suppose you have a boy friend."

"I only offer solutions to problems," Babs protested. "I don't act them out for you. No, I couldn't do it. Besides, everyone knows that Grace and you . . ."

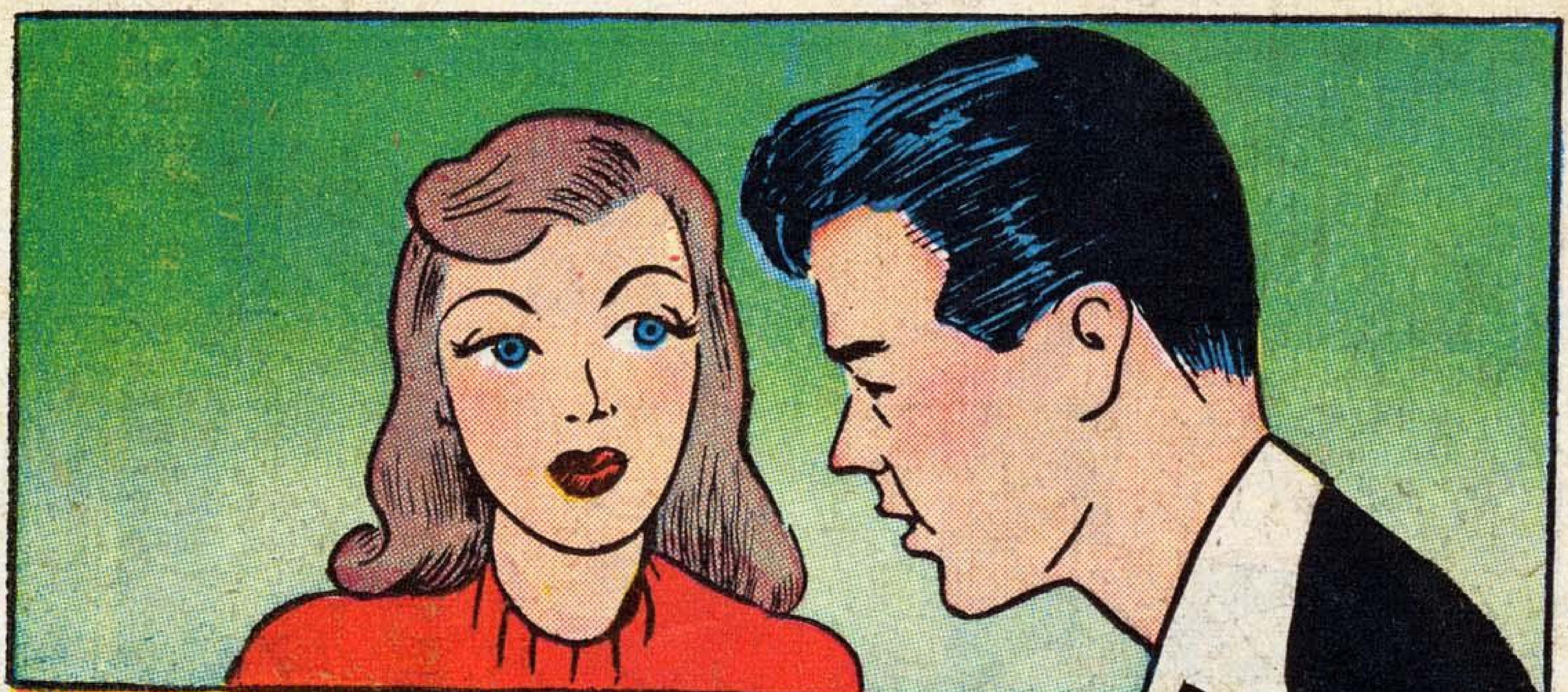
She caught herself quickly, but not before Bob got the implication.

"Maybe that's what she thinks," he growled. "She probably believes that I can't get any other girl because we've been paired off for so long. Look, Babs, the gang is going bowling on Saturday night. Grace will most likely be there with that droopy pal of her brother's. How would you like to go with me?"

Babs' heart did a quick double flip for a moment, then she felt sort of scared. "But, Bob, I don't want to be the one to start any trouble between . . ."

"Will you come?" he asked desperately. "Please? I'd like to take you."

Babs chewed her lower lip while she thought over his invitation. Bob Mason had asked her for



Abruptly, Bob stopped speaking and stared at Babs. "Say, maybe you'd help me, Babs!"

a date—but just to make another girl jealous. She knew girls who would slyly maneuver themselves into such a situation and think nothing of it, but would Miss Fixit take advantage of such an opportunity?

"All right," she sighed. Another opportunity might not come so soon. And after all, the boy *was* Bob Mason.

When Bob had gone to his next class, Babs stared down onto the baseball diamond. She felt all mixed up, getting herself in the middle of somebody else's affair. Then suddenly a numb feeling of panic seized her. A new problem reared its head. How does one hold a bowling ball? What keeps one from sliding down the alley with it? Yes, Miss Fixit would certainly make a spectacle of herself when it came to those oversized marbles and midget Indian clubs . . . And Grace Bassett would probably laugh herself sick . . . And everything would be spoiled for Bob.

By midweek Babs had decided to tell Bob she couldn't make it on Saturday night. She tried earnestly to imagine someone's pulling that jealousy stunt on her. Yet, somehow, she could not put herself in Grace's place as she'd done with other girls' problems she'd worked over. The prospect of going out with Bob probably had something to do with her inability to be objective, she realized wryly.

By Thursday night she had convinced herself that she would be very selfish to take advantage of Bob's invitation. But Friday she switched positions again and decided it was too late to let him down.

As Babs performed her routine tasks on Saturday, her consternation grew. Part of the time her spine tingled when she thought about spending a whole evening with Bob. But other moments filled her full of the desire to call him and cancel the date.

Nevertheless, Saturday night at seven-thirty found Babs ready and waiting in her red and blue checked skirt and white sweater. When the doorbell rang, she threw a last worried glance into the mirror, desperately hoping that she would be able to keep a guilty look off her face when Grace saw her with Bob. In the beginning, though, Grace would probably just be puzzled to find Barbara Nelson mingling with her crowd.

Being alone in the car with Bob didn't bother Babs—they talked about the baseball team's record, the coming vacation, their favorite radio programs. But when he pulled into the parking lot at the bowling alley and opened the door for her, Babs' heart fell to her feet.

Babs paused when she and Bob first stepped into the alley. The highly polished floors, the gleaming alleys, and the smothered music of tenpins being scattered carried her away for a moment.

"C'mon," Bob said, pulling her arm, "they're waiting for us."

He went directly to the rack and selected a light ball. "Better use this three-fingered one," he told her. "It'll give you a firmer grip."

The gang was knotted around the stand which held the score sheets, and everyone seemed to be talking at once. Then Babs noticed that Grace Bassett was standing primly at her side.

"I didn't know you bowled, Barbara," she said sweetly. Her eyes danced over the heads of the little group.

Babs was fully aware that this petite red-headed beauty had really wanted to say, "Who brought *you* here?" But before she could answer Grace, Bob had elbowed his way through the crowd with a big black crayon in his hand.

"Watch the score sheet, everybody," he sang out, "and see which team you're on."

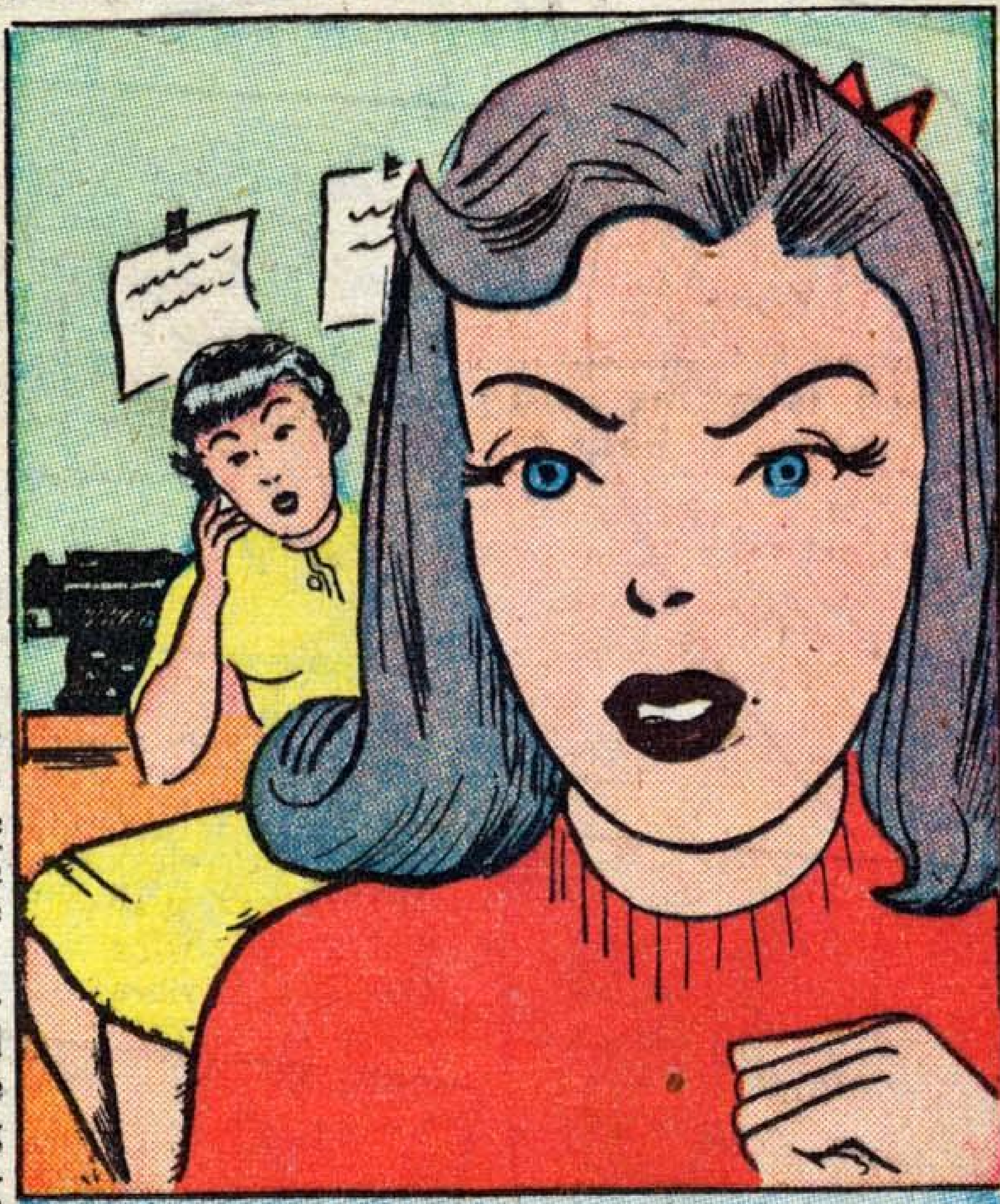
Grace frowned oddly as her eyes darted from Babs to Bob. Babs quickly became interested in the weight of her bowling ball. Then, peering over Bob's shoulder, she gasped when she saw that he had placed her and himself on a team with Grace and "that droopy pal of her brother's."

Well, she thought, how's that for putting it on thick? But that's a boy for you. Not a subtle bone in his body. Then immediately she scolded herself for criticizing him, and concentrated on studying how the other bowlers released their balls.

Sitting on the semicircular bench, Grace Bassett smiled confidentially at Babs. "Are you good at bowling, Barbara?" she asked.

"I don't know," Babs admitted. "This is my first time."

"Oh, really?" Grace was watching Bob as he put himself in position to roll his first ball. She touched her hair in several places with careful dabs of her smoothly manicured fingers.



Babs thanked Susie in a sub-zero voice and stormed out of the room.

"I hope I can remember to let go of the ball," Babs said.

Grace laughed. "That's what Bob used to warn me about."

Babs gulped.

Bob knocked down all the pins for a perfect strike, and Grace walked up casually to take her turn. Her first ball rolled slowly along the mirrorlike floor, then curved midway down the alley and dropped into the gutter for a complete miss.

Her second ball knocked two pins over, and she walked back to the bench with a slight shrug of her shoulders. Smiling aloofly, she brushed imaginary specks from her skirt and sat down.

It was Babs' turn next. As she stepped toward the alley, she barely heard Grace's low, warm voice saying, "New girl friend, Bob?"

She couldn't very well step backward to catch Bob's answer. And she wasn't quite sure she wanted to hear it anyway. Her only wish now was that the night were over instead of just beginning.

Babs buried her thoughts and tried to mimic the actions she'd seen Bob execute. She stood poised for a second, holding the ball in front of her and summoning her courage. Then, as she took three measured steps toward the glossy surface, she tried to swing the ball high behind her before letting it go. Leaving her hand, it rolled slowly down the left side of the alley and knocked over eight pins!

"Now get the other two for a spare!" Bob yelled.

She went through the same routine again, but knocked down only one of the remaining pins.

"Golly!" She wheeled around toward Bob. "I think this will be fun!"

"It is!" He patted her shoulder. "Keep up the good work."

As the game progressed, Babs noticed that Grace was growing more and more annoyed with John, her escort, because of his running advice on how to better her score. Babs' score always seemed to be just a little bit higher than Grace's, though it was far below the boys' marks.

After the second game, Bob said, "I'll make a bowler out of you yet, Babs!"

"I can't understand it," she marveled. "I'm simply taking your advice, Bob — and it's working, that's all!"

Grace suddenly twisted her head down toward her shoulder. "I think I've had enough for tonight, John," she said. "Shall we go?"

Her smile was not exactly on straight when she said to Babs, "You're playing a good game for your first time, Barbara. Keep it up."

Bob walked back from the foul line. "Are they leaving?" he asked casually.

Expressionless, Babs nodded. "I guess my little plan flunked, Bob," she said. "Gosh, I'm sorry . . ."

"Oh," Bob interrupted sulkily, "she never liked bowling. Or rather," his eyebrows went up again, "she never *really* liked to do *anything* unless she'd thought of the idea. Now take you. You never bowled before, and yet . . ."

"Well," Babs said, "I really think it's fun."

"Maybe we can come again sometime soon," he suggested. "And, incidentally, there's the club dance next month. I—uh—was wondering if you would like to go with me . . . would you?"

Babs stared up at him frankly. "But what about Grace?"

A big smile spread over his face. "You know what?" he exclaimed. "Suddenly I don't have a problem any more. I guess I only *thought* I had fun when I was with Grace. But tonight—well, it was a sure thing. How about the dance, Babs?"

"Thanks, Bob, I'd love to go." Babs smiled too.

When she took the ball for her next roll, the alley seemed farther away. She was picturing herself calling up Susie to warn her not to publish a certain item in her gossip column. A boy like Bob scares easily. And, of course, she must remember to thank her dear friend, Susie, for insisting that Miss Fixit's Column be signed "Barbara Nelson." . . . That is, if her joints and muscles were mobile enough to allow her to move to the telephone.

THE END

For Girls Only!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? WHAT'S ON YOUR HEART? SHOULD YOU GO STEADY OR SHOULD YOU PART? IS IT PUPPY LOVE OR IS IT REAL? IS HE A PRINCE OR MERELY A HEEL? IF YOU'RE CONFUSED, TELL ME HOW YOU FEEL...

Personally yours,
Polly Parker

Dear Polly,

I'm 12 years old. All the girls my age go with boys, but my father told me I couldn't. When I'm at the movies with other girls, boys come and sit by them. This makes me feel as if I were just tagging along. What can I do?

S.G.

DEAR S.G.,

WHY DON'T YOU EXPLAIN TO YOUR FATHER HOW YOU FEEL WHEN YOU GO TO THE MOVIES WITH YOUR FRIENDS? ALSO POINT OUT TO HIM THAT SITTING IN THE SHOW WITH BOYS AMONG YOUR GIRL FRIENDS ISN'T LIKE GOING OUT WITH THEM AT NIGHT.

Dear Polly,

I'm seventeen, and I see a lot of a boy named Rick. I'd much rather date him than anyone else, but he never gets around to calling me until Thursday or Friday, and sometimes he skips a week. If I turn down the fellows who ask me earlier, and Rick doesn't call, I end up being a dateless wonder. What shall I do? M.B.

DEAR M.B.,

AH, FAMILIAR LAMENT...TO PICK UP THE PHONE ON MONDAY NIGHT TO HEAR COLORLESS CHARLIE ASK YOU OUT FOR SATURDAY NIGHT...AND TO WONDER WHETHER YOU SHOULD VETO HIS INVITATION ON THE CHANCE THAT RICH WILL RUSH YOU LATER ON...OR TO ACCEPT CHARLIE AND WIND UP IN THE DOGHOUSE WITH YOURSELF WHEN RICH FINALLY DOES GET ON THE BALL.

IF YOU CAN SUBTLY NUDGE RICH WITH THE IDEA THAT YOU'RE SO POPULAR HE'D BETTER PUT HIS BIDS IN EARLY, THEN DRIVE THE THOUGHT HOME BY BEING BOOKED UP FOR A FEW WEEKENDS, YOU MAY SCORE SOME POINTS FOR YOURSELF! ANYHOW, GIVE THIS SUGGESTION A WHIRL...

Dear Polly,

We've been wondering how to tell if a boy is in love, so we decided to write and ask you what you think.

R., M., H., and A.

DEAR GIRLS,

THE WARMTH IN HIS VOICE... THE LOOK IN HIS EYES... THE TENDER WAY HE TAKES YOUR ARM... THE GLOW THAT COMES OVER HIM WHEN YOU STEP INTO VIEW...THESE ARE ALL EXPRESSIONS OF AFFECTION, BUT SOMETIMES THEY'RE HARD TO SPOT. FOR MORE OBVIOUS SIGNS, ASK YOURSELF THESE QUESTIONS: DOES HE KEEP YOUR DATE BOOK CRAMMED, YOUR TELEPHONE JAMMED? DOES HE INTRODUCE YOU TO HIS BEST FRIENDS? DOES HE TUCK A COZY EVENING FOR TWO INTO YOUR DATING SCHEDULE ONCE IN A WHILE? DOES HE PAMPER YOUR WHIM TO SEE THE LATEST LANCASTER FLICK WHEN HE'D RATHER BE AT A BASKETBALL GAME? DOES HE THINK YOU'RE PRETTY CUTE STUFF AND LET YOU KNOW IT? IF YOU CAN GIVE HIM A YES (OR EVEN A SEMI-YES) ON THESE QUESTIONS, RELAX, LADIES— HE'S ROMANTICALLY INCLINED TOWARD YOU.

Dear Polly,
I have a friend who's labeled a "table hopper," because whenever she's out, she leaves her date and spends the evening with everyone else. Sometimes she completely dominates another girl's date, and we don't like that, but the boys don't seem to mind. What can we do about someone like that? Is table hopping okay?
K.H.W.

DEAR K.H.W.,
WHOA—YOUR FRIEND JUST APPEARS TO BE GETTING AWAY WITH HER ACTIVITIES! A CHRONIC TABLE HOPPER WHO DESERTS HER DATE WILL BE BRANDED AND STRANDED SOONER OR LATER. HER BEHAVIOR IS DISCOURTEOUS AND INCONSIDERATE. JUST GIVE HER ENOUGH TABLES...

Dear Polly,
How can a girl be popular with everybody and still never have any dates? I'm in a lot of activities around school, and work with boys on committees, and I know they like me, but they never ask me out. There's a crowd of boys who spend several afternoons a week at my house listening to records and lounging around, and we're all good friends, but they never ask me out! I'm attractive and lots of fun, and I can't figure out why I never have any dates. This is really getting me down. Can you help me?
R. McM.

DEAR R. McM.,
A GAL WITH YOUR PERSONALITY SHOULD BE FLOATING THROUGH THE SOCIAL WORLD, IT'S TRUE, BUT THERE'S AN ODD ELEMENT WHICH MAY PREVENT IT. PERHAPS YOU'RE ***TOO*** POPULAR, PERHAPS THE GENTS FEEL YOU MIGHT OUTSPARKLE THEM ON A DATE. THEY'RE ALL ATTRACTED TO THE GLOWING SUPERSMOOTHIE—BUT DO THEY DATE HER FOR THE SENIOR PROM? AS A RULE, NO. INSTEAD THEY'RE RINGING SWEET SALLY, WHO WILL LAUGH AT THEIR JOKES AND MAKE THEM FEEL LIKE THE BIGGEST MAN IN TOWN... NOT CLEVER KATHY, WHO DWARFS THEIR PERSONALITY BY HER HIGH-POWERED CHATTER.

THINK THIS OVER, R. McM., AND IF IT APPLIES TO YOU, YOU'RE INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO KNOW WHICH EDGES REQUIRE TONING DOWN.

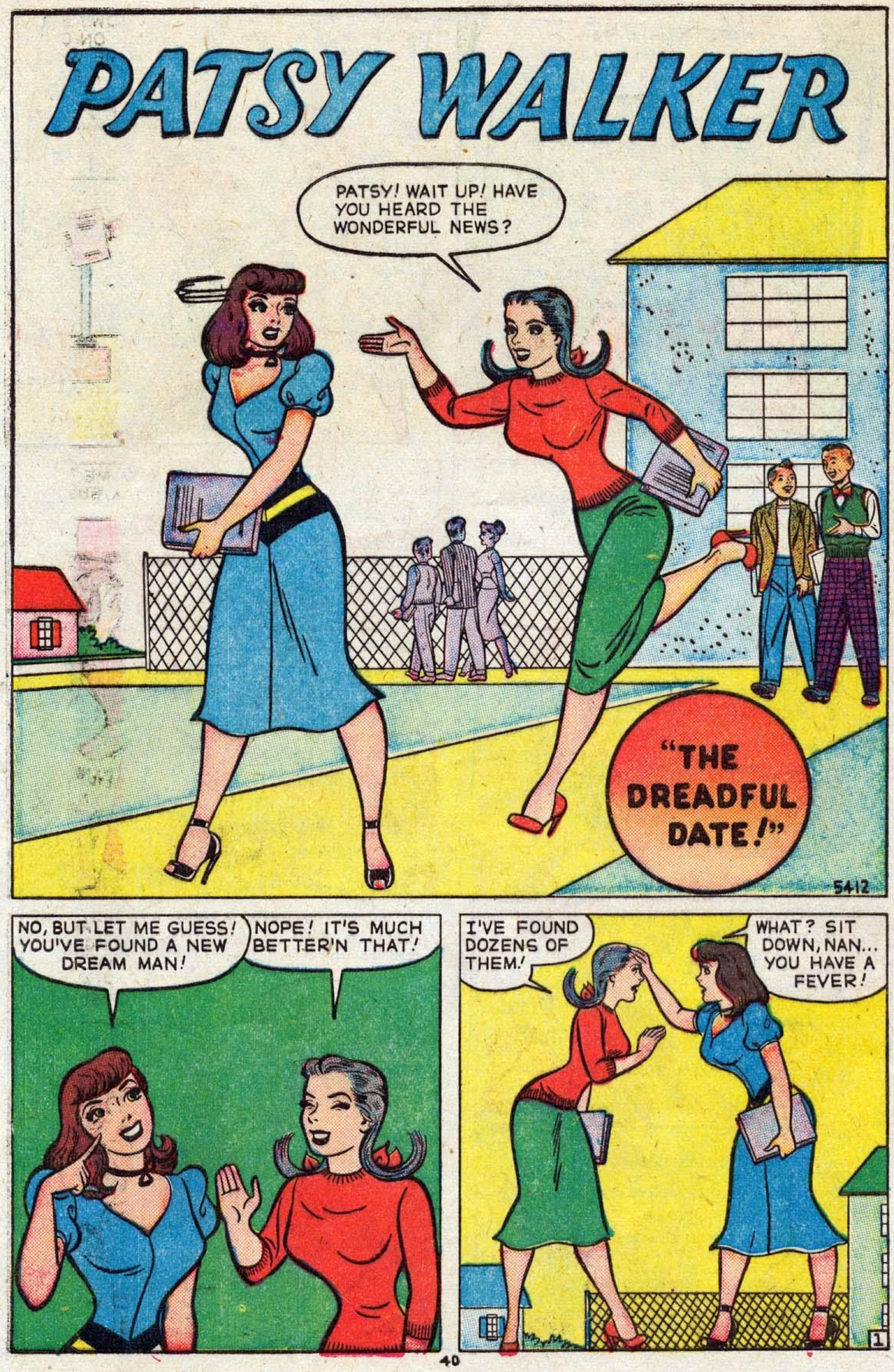
Dear Polly,
I live in a house in the country, and when a boy brings me home from a date at night, the downstairs lights are usually out. But as we go up the porch steps, my mother suddenly turns on the lights and opens the door. She is always just standing there while I say goodnight to my dates. They don't like this, and it usually keeps them from asking me out again. How can I make my mother understand that she is making me very unpopular?
R.C.

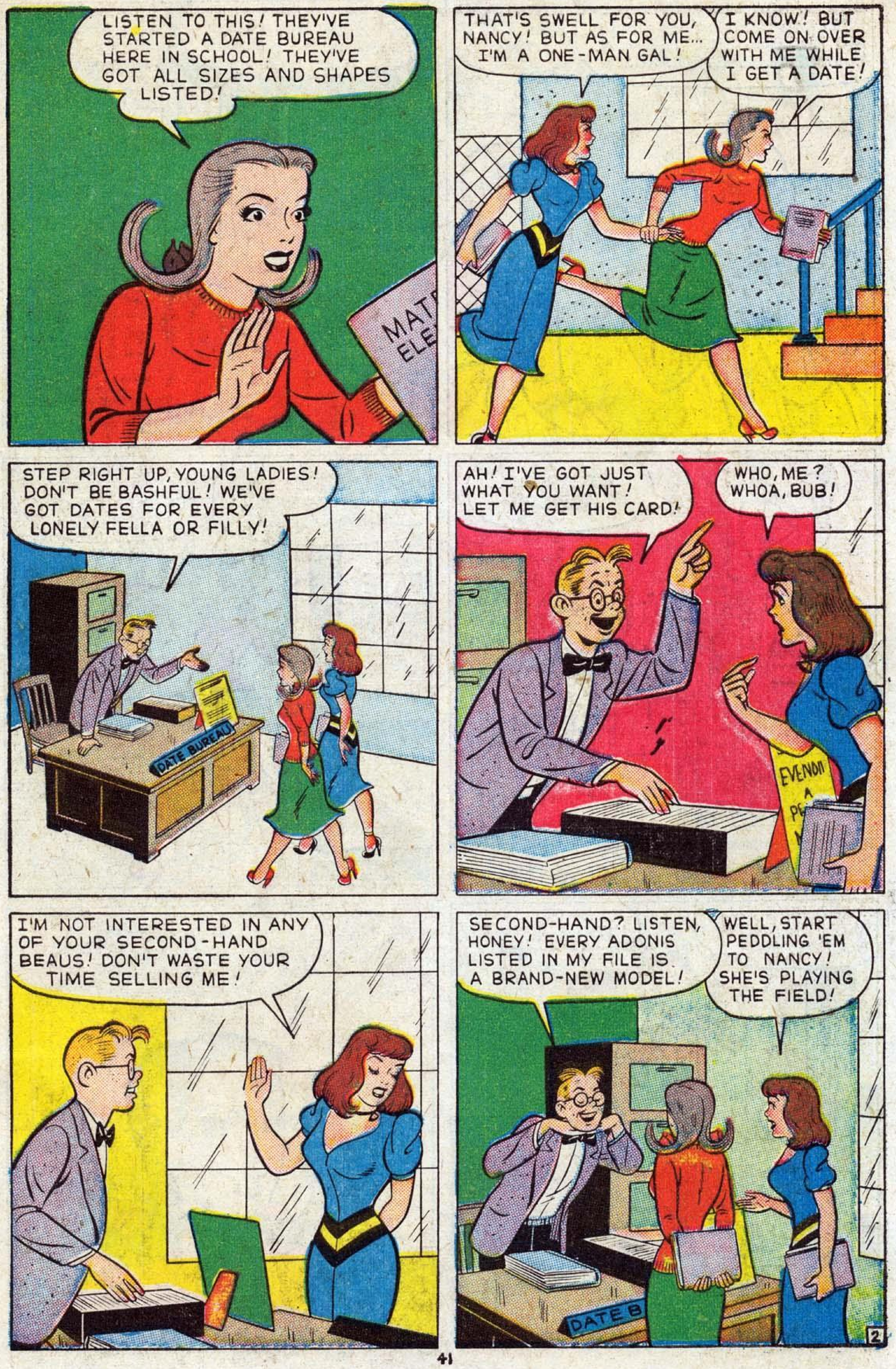
DEAR R.C.,
I'M SURE YOU DON'T OBJECT TO YOUR MOTHER'S WAITING UP FOR YOU. IT'S NATURAL FOR A MOTHER TO KEEP AN EYE ON HER DAUGHTER.

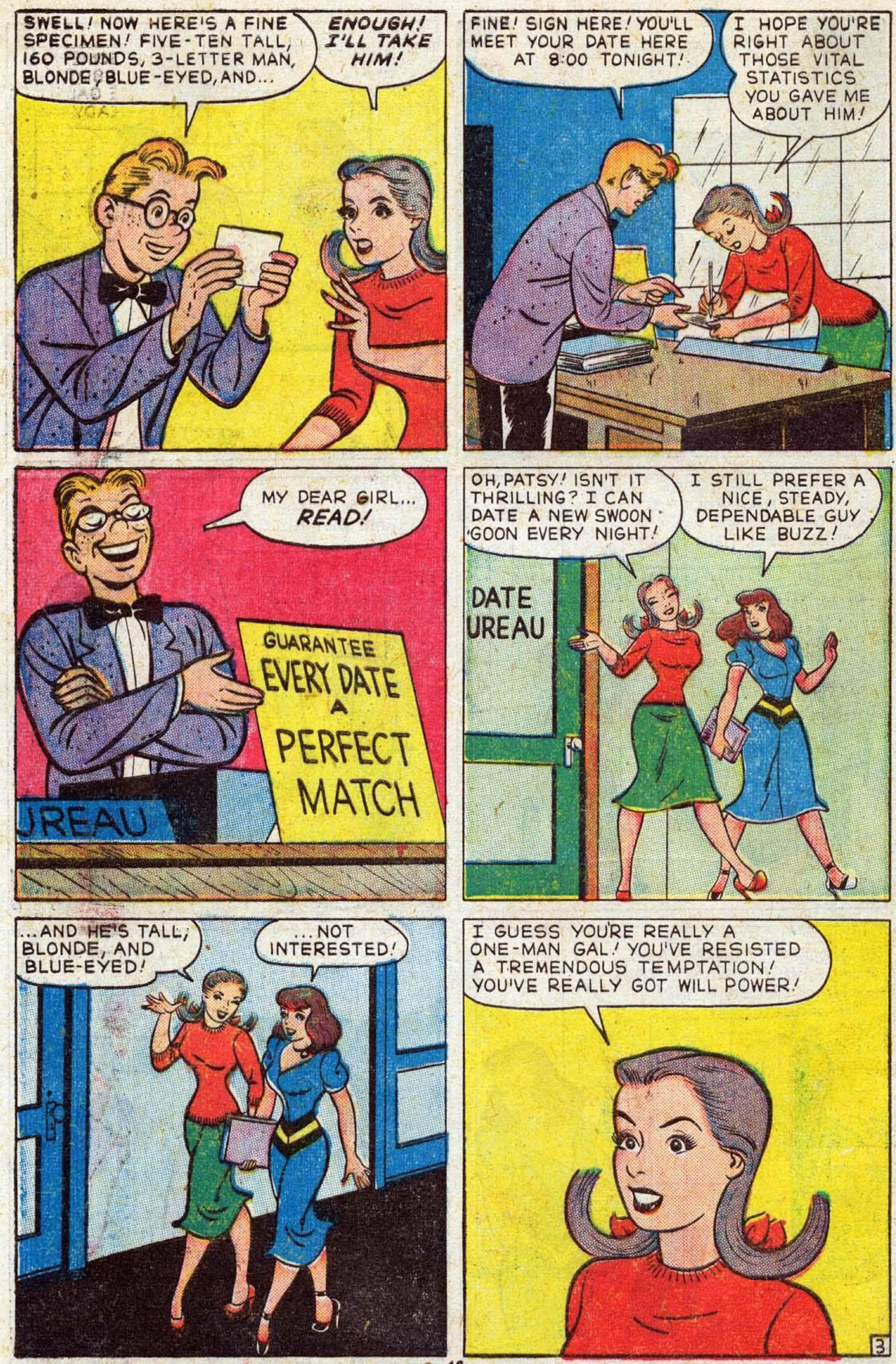
WHY DON'T YOU SUGGEST TO HER, HOWEVER, THAT SHE LEAVE THE LIGHTS BURNING UNTIL YOU COME, SO THAT THE BOYS WILL NOT BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE? IF THEY KNOW SOMEONE IS WAITING, THEY MIGHT MAKE ANOTHER DATE WITH YOU BEFORE GOING UP THE PORCH STEPS!

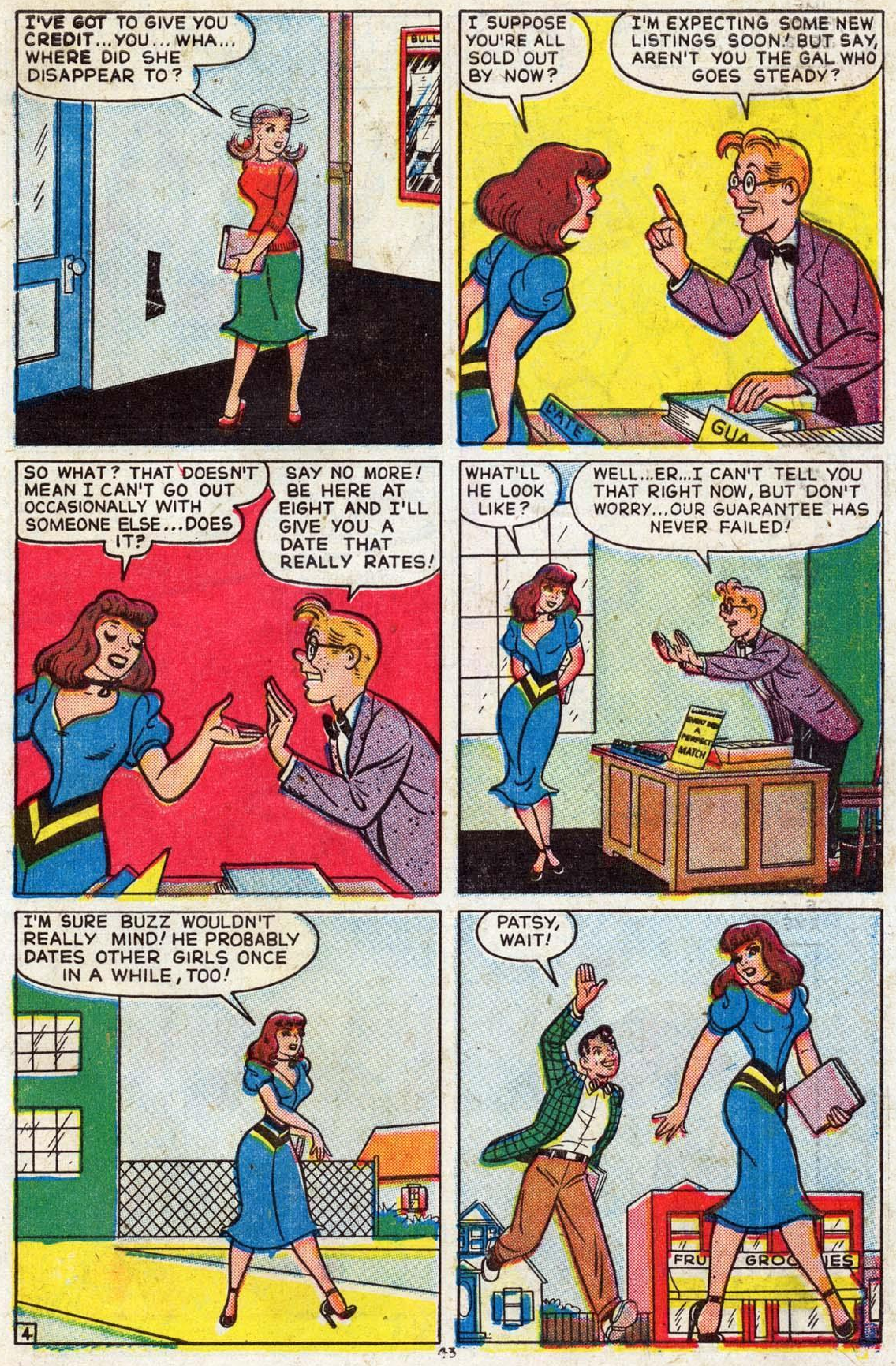
WANTED: PREDICAMENTS TO CONSIDER AND PROBLEMS TO SOLVE. SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:

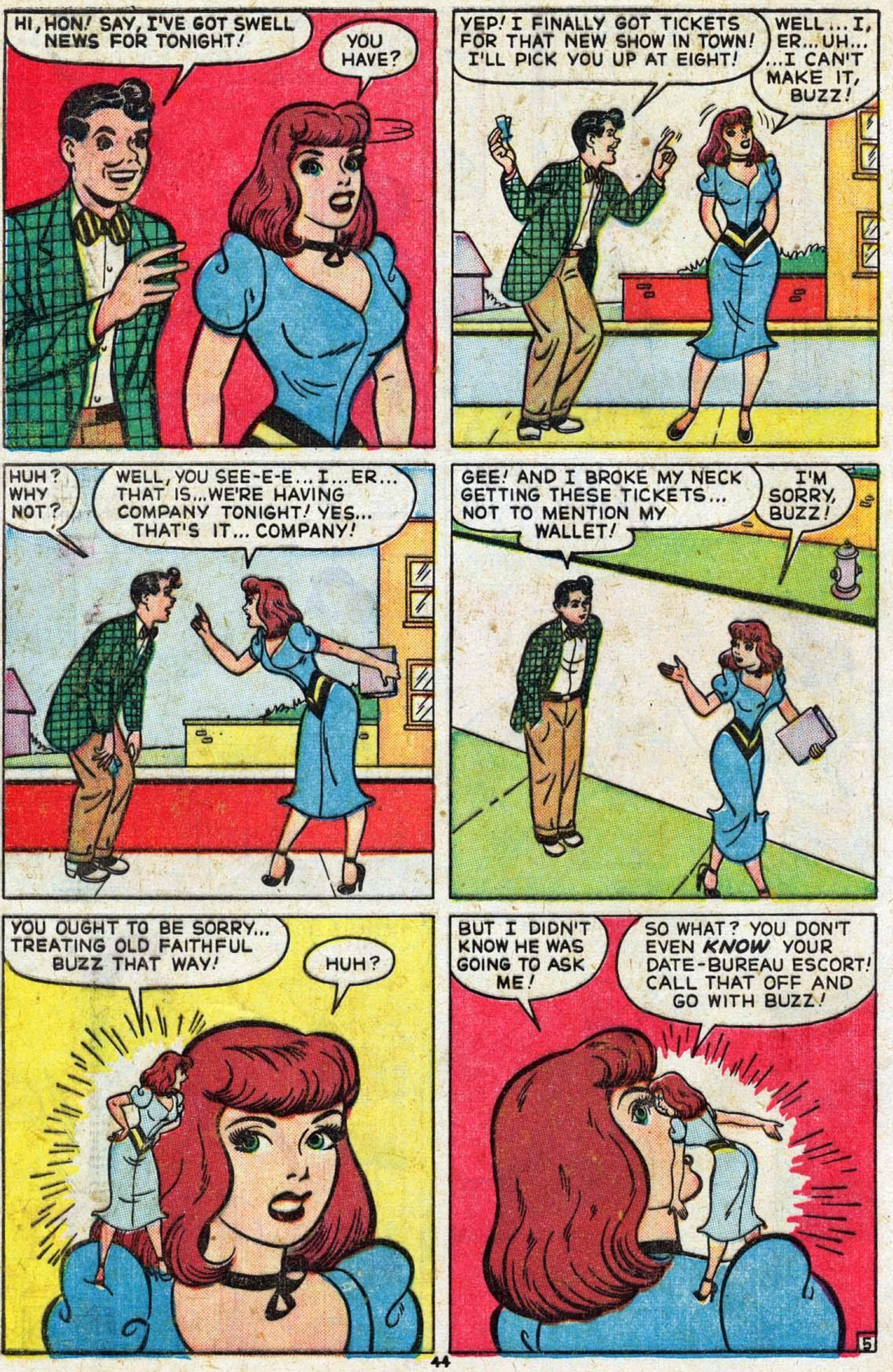
POLLY PARKER
SUITE 1404
350 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

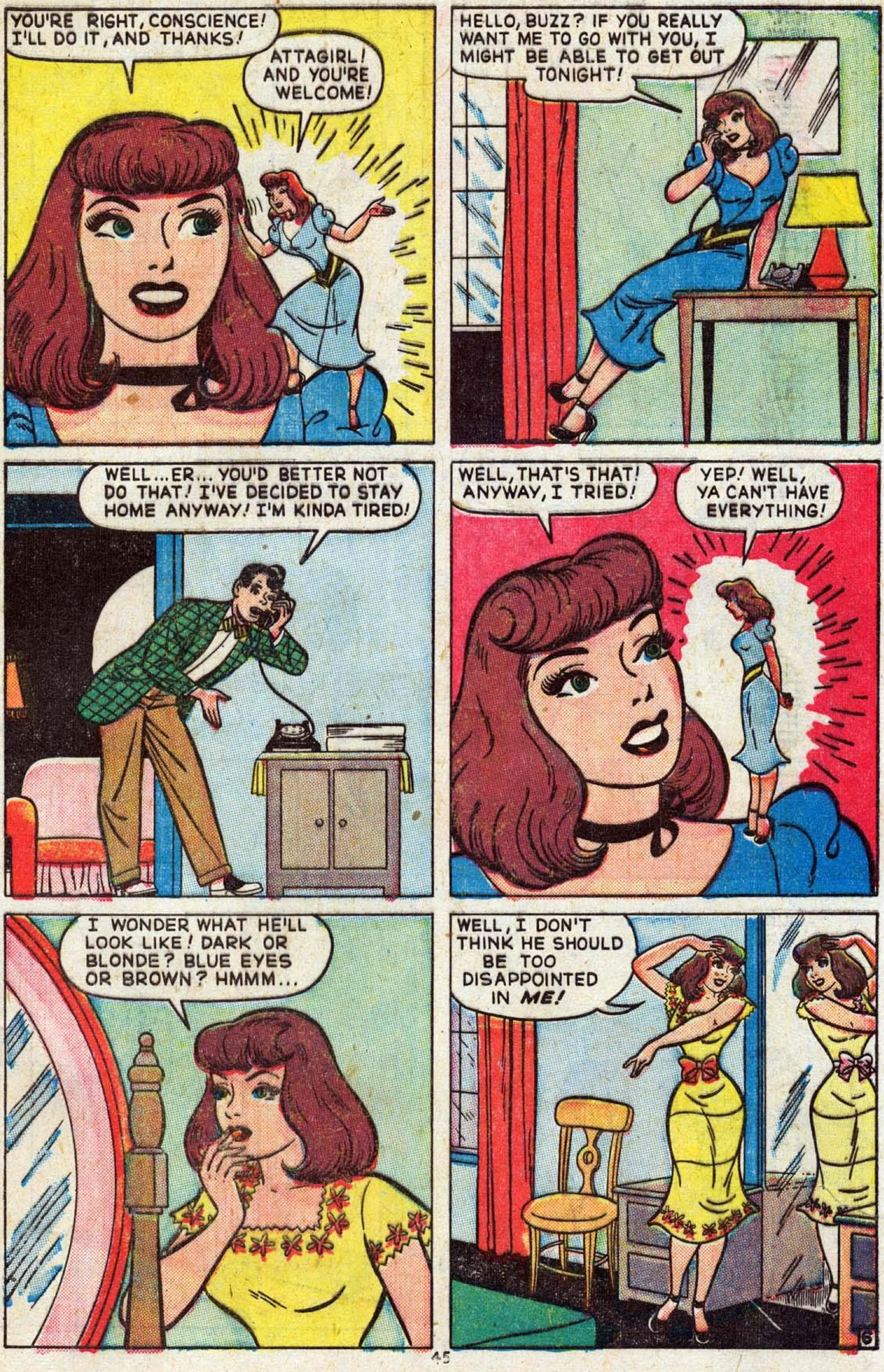

PATSY WALKER
PATSY! WAIT UP! HAVE YOU HEARD THE WONDERFUL NEWS?
"THE DREADFUL DATE!"
5412
NO, BUT LET ME GUESS! YOU'VE FOUND A NEW DREAM MAN!
NOPE! IT'S MUCH BETTER'N THAT!
I'VE FOUND DOZENS OF THEM!
WHAT? SIT DOWN, NAN... YOU HAVE A FEVER!
1

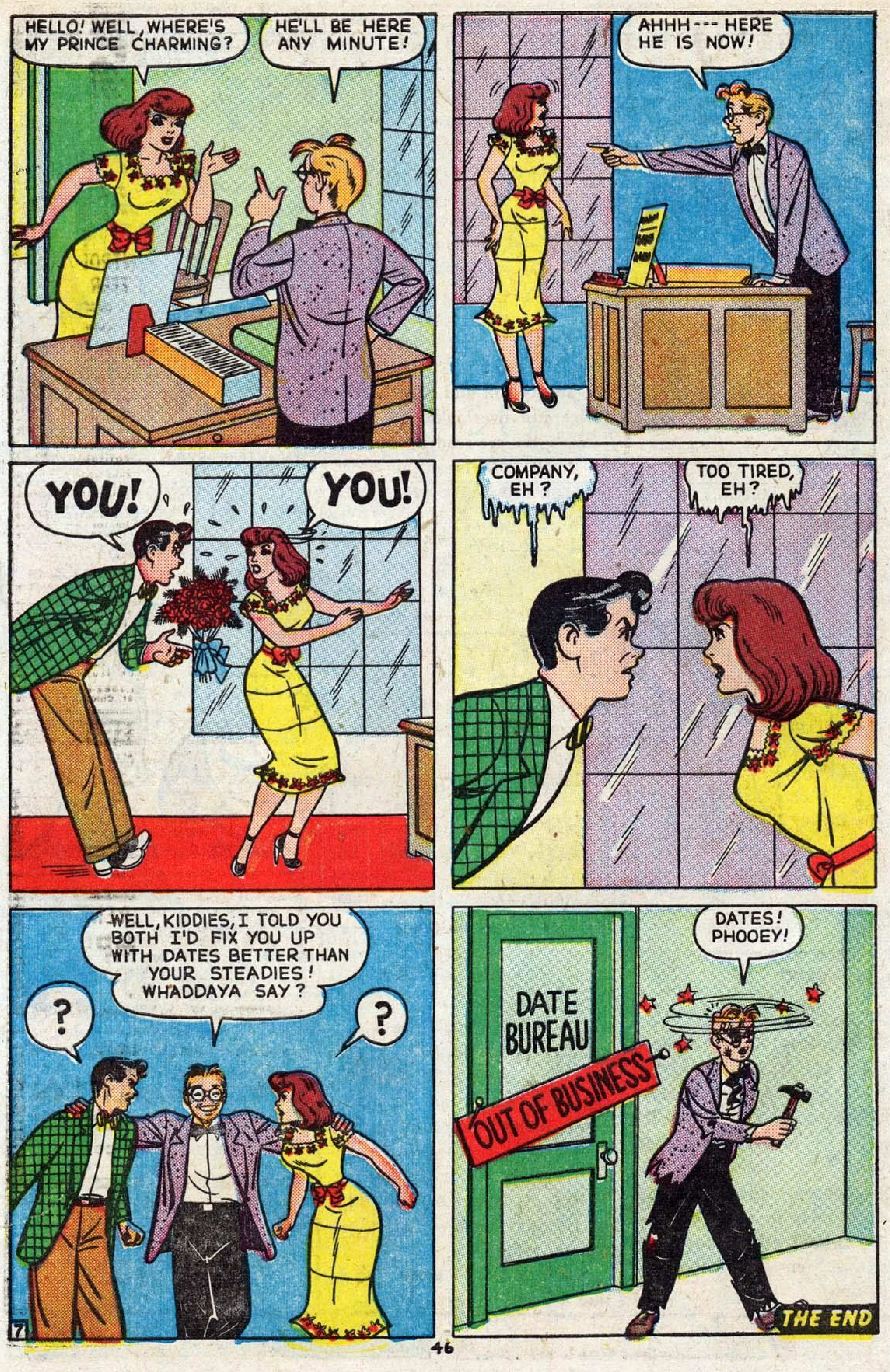

LISTEN TO THIS! THEY'VE STARTED A DATE BUREAU HERE IN SCHOOL! THEY'VE GOT ALL SIZES AND SHAPES LISTED!
MAT ELE
THAT'S SWELL FOR YOU, NANCY! BUT AS FOR ME... I'M A ONE-MAN GAL!
I KNOW! BUT COME ON OVER WITH ME WHILE I GET A DATE!
STEP RIGHT UP, YOUNG LADIES! DON'T BE BASHFUL! WE'VE GOT DATES FOR EVERY LONELY FELLA OR FILLY!
DATE BUREAU
AH! I'VE GOT JUST WHAT YOU WANT! LET ME GET HIS CARD!
WHO, ME? WHOA, BUB!
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN ANY OF YOUR SECOND-HAND BEAUS! DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME SELLING ME!
SECOND-HAND? LISTEN, HONEY! EVERY ADONIS LISTED IN MY FILE IS A BRAND-NEW MODEL!
WELL, START PEDDLING 'EM TO NANCY! SHE'S PLAYING THE FIELD!
DATE B
2


SWELL! NOW HERE'S A FINE SPECIMEN! FIVE-TEN TALL, 160 POUNDS, 3-LETTER MAN, BLONDE, BLUE-EYED, AND...
ENOUGH! I'LL TAKE HIM!
FINE! SIGN HERE! YOU'LL MEET YOUR DATE HERE AT 8:00 TONIGHT!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THOSE VITAL STATISTICS YOU GAVE ME ABOUT HIM!
MY DEAR GIRL... READ!
GUARANTEE EVERY DATE A PERFECT MATCH
UREAU
OH, PATSY! ISN'T IT THRILLING? I CAN DATE A NEW SWOON GOON EVERY NIGHT!
I STILL PREFER A NICE, STEADY, DEPENDABLE GUY LIKE BUZZ!
DATE UREAU
...AND HE'S TALL, BLONDE, AND BLUE-EYED!
...NOT INTERESTED!
I GUESS YOU'RE REALLY A ONE-MAN GAL! YOU'VE RESISTED A TREMENDOUS TEMPTATION! YOU'VE REALLY GOT WILL POWER!
3


I'VE GOT TO GIVE YOU CREDIT...YOU...WHA... WHERE DID SHE DISAPPEAR TO?
BULL
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE ALL SOLD OUT BY NOW?
I'M EXPECTING SOME NEW LISTINGS SOON! BUT SAY, AREN'T YOU THE GAL WHO GOES STEADY?
DATE
GUA
SO WHAT? THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T GO OUT OCCASIONALLY WITH SOMEONE ELSE...DOES IT?
SAY NO MORE! BE HERE AT EIGHT AND I'LL GIVE YOU A DATE THAT REALLY RATES!
WHAT'LL HE LOOK LIKE?
WELL...ER...I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT RIGHT NOW, BUT DON'T WORRY...OUR GUARANTEE HAS NEVER FAILED!
A PERFECT MATCH
I'M SURE BUZZ WOULDN'T REALLY MIND! HE PROBABLY DATES OTHER GIRLS ONCE IN A WHILE, TOO!
4
PATSY, WAIT!
FRU GROC IES


HI, HON! SAY, I'VE GOT SWELL NEWS FOR TONIGHT!
YOU HAVE?
YEP! I FINALLY GOT TICKETS FOR THAT NEW SHOW IN TOWN! I'LL PICK YOU UP AT EIGHT!
WELL... I, ER...UH... ...I CAN'T MAKE IT, BUZZ!
HUH? WHY NOT?
WELL, YOU SEE-E-E... I... ER... THAT IS...WE'RE HAVING COMPANY TONIGHT! YES... THAT'S IT... COMPANY!
GEE! AND I BROKE MY NECK GETTING THESE TICKETS... NOT TO MENTION MY WALLET!
I'M SORRY, BUZZ!
YOU OUGHT TO BE SORRY... TREATING OLD FAITHFUL BUZZ THAT WAY!
HUH?
BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS GOING TO ASK ME!
SO WHAT? YOU DON'T EVEN **KNOW** YOUR DATE-BUREAU ESCORT! CALL THAT OFF AND GO WITH BUZZ!
5


YOU'RE RIGHT, CONSCIENCE! I'LL DO IT, AND THANKS!
ATTAGIRL! AND YOU'RE WELCOME!
HELLO, BUZZ? IF YOU REALLY WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET OUT TONIGHT!
WELL...ER... YOU'D BETTER NOT DO THAT! I'VE DECIDED TO STAY HOME ANYWAY! I'M KINDA TIRED!
WELL, THAT'S THAT! ANYWAY, I TRIED!
YEP! WELL, YA CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING!
I WONDER WHAT HE'LL LOOK LIKE! DARK OR BLONDE? BLUE EYES OR BROWN? HMMM...
WELL, I DON'T THINK HE SHOULD BE TOO DISAPPOINTED IN ***ME!***
6


HELLO! WELL, WHERE'S MY PRINCE CHARMING?
HE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!
AHHH --- HERE HE IS NOW!
YOU!
YOU!
COMPANY, EH ?
TOO TIRED, EH ?
WELL, KIDDIES, I TOLD YOU BOTH I'D FIX YOU UP WITH DATES BETTER THAN YOUR STEADIES! WHADDAYA SAY ?
?
?
7
DATES! PHOOEY!
DATE BUREAU
OUT OF BUSINESS
THE END

FOOD FOR FUN

BRAN BRAINSTORM . . .

To add a finishing touch for a leisurely Sunday breakfast, there is nothing like hot BRAN MUFFINS.

Sift together a cup of sifted whole wheat flour, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, ½ teaspoon baking soda, a teaspoon of baking powder and a teaspoon salt. Mix in 1 cup all-bran. Gradually stir in a cup of sour milk or buttermilk, then 1 well beaten egg and 2 tablespoons melted butter. If you like raisins, add a handful.

Pour into small greased muffin tins and bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes, or until the edges are browned slightly. Serve hot, with plenty of butter.

It's all-bran, and it's all reet!

Stir until completely blended, and then drop by spoonfuls into deep fat to fry a golden brown. Serve very hot wrapped in a napkin.

Recognize 'em now?

TOMATO TASTY . . .

Let's try something different! How about dressing up tomatoes as TOMATO FRITTERS?

Cream 3 tablespoons of sugar with 1 tablespoon butter, and add 1 egg, well beaten. Mix well, and then add 1 cup peeled and chopped tomatoes. Dissolve a teaspoon of soda in a cup of sour milk, and add with 2 cups flour which has been sifted with a teaspoon salt.

Cream ½ cup butter, adding gradually ½ cup of sugar. Then add the unbeaten yolks of 2 eggs and beat all thoroughly together. Add ¼ cup milk, just a pinch of salt sifted with 1½ cups flour and a teaspoon baking powder.

Beat all this until nicely blended. Then divide the mixture in half and add one square of melted chocolate to one half. Roll the white dough in a sheet on a board. Then roll out the chocolate dough and put it on top of the white dough. Now, roll up like a jelly roll and leave in the refrigerator overnight.

When you are ready to use, cut the dough crosswise in thin slices and bake in a moderate oven until done.

Better prepare for an extra-long session, though. For we're sure that cookie jar will soon look as unstocked as ever!

PRALINE PLENTY . . .

For a candy that's a bit on the exotic side, take a hint from New Orleans where they make this PRALINE.

Dissolve 1 cup of brown sugar and 1 cup of white sugar in ½ cup of rich cream, and boil until it reaches the thread stage. Stir from time to time to prevent burning. Add 2 tablespoons butter and 1 cup unbroken pecan nut meats. Cook until the syrup reaches the soft ball stage when a small amount is dropped in cold water. Let cool for a few minutes without disturbing, and then beat until it is somewhat thickened, but do not let it lose its gloss and become too grainy; then drop by spoonfuls on a buttered marble slab or cookie sheet. The candy flattens out into large thin cakes. Remove when set, with a spatula.

See if you don't agree with us that it's praline-perfect!

New EASY WAY to
BRAID RUGS
AMAZING NEW INVENTION MAKES 24"x36" RUG IN 5 HOURS

NO RAW EDGES
NO FOLDING—PINNING
NO EXTRA SEWING

INTRODUCTORY OFFER only $1.00 COMPLETE SET

This sensational invention makes rugs EASIER and FASTER than you've ever dreamed possible Just attach the 3 cone-shaped folders to strips of cloth—and braid. No more seams showing. No folding—no creasing. Just sew strips together with special handy Rug Needle included in set. Amazing Braid-A-Rug braids evenly Ravel-proof. Rugs can be used on either side as no raw edges or sewing shows. Use any material—old coats, skirts, blankets, dresses, nylons—heavy or thin material. Introductory Offer only $1.00 includes set of 3 folders, Rug Needle and complete instructions.

Makes 1000 and One Other Articles

With amazing new Braid-A-Rug you can also make hats, purses, pot holders, belts, table mats, drapes, slippers, any size and shape rugs—oval, round, square—even hooked rugs!

Profitable Hobby!

Make up to $200 and more selling to friends! Many women have already been offered from $200 to $400 for their beautiful 9x12 rugs—made with easy Braid-A-Rug!

—EXTRA—
For Prompt Action
If you hurry and order NOW, you will receive at no extra cost, one large spool of strong Carpet Warp Thread—enough to sew dozens of braided rugs!

SEND NO MONEY
Use 10 Days at Our Risk
Just send name and address. On arrival, pay the postman only $1.00 plus C.O.D. postage. Use Braid-A-Rug for 10 days. If not delighted, return for your $1.00 back. Hurry—write to

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GIVEN! Foreign Coin, Banknote and large illustrated coin list GIVEN to approval service applicants for 3c postage. BARGAINS! 3 Indianhead cents, 10c; Wooden nickel, 10c; Chinese Dollar, 33c.
TATHAM COIN CO. 60 SPRINGFIELD MASS

200 DIFFERENT STAMPS ONLY 3c
to APPROVAL BUYERS. Contains stamps worth up to 15c each!
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500 STAMPS FOR ONLY 10c
INCLUDES STAMPS CATALOGUING UP TO 25c EACH. ALSO APPROVALS.
MYSTIC STAMP CO.
CAMDEN 34, NEW YORK

KEEP BUYING BONDS

Amazing Free Trial Offer!

Here's the new 2-way stretch everyone is talking about . . . covered with that wonder-material DuPont Nylon! You'll be thrilled by this pre-shrunk fabric that washes and dries so miraculously fast. And you'll be enchanted by the form-hug design that gently restrains embarrassing bulges. Two lovely styles . . . panty girdle with removable snap-button crotch and removable garter straps, or the beautifully styled regular type. Colors: Nude, White, Blue and Black.

WASHES "LIKE A DREAM"

Examine and wear this soft, comfortable, slenderizing NYLON girdle for ten days without risk. You must be convinced that this is the biggest bargain in 2-way-stretch girdles you have ever worn, or it costs you absolutely nothing. Send no money . . just the coupon NOW!

NEW NYLON 2-WAY STRETCH GIRDLE

ENJOY THESE AMAZING FEATURES

- Nylon Fabric
- Pre-Shrunk
- Dries in Minutes
- Form-hug Design
- Low Cost
- 2 thrilling Styles

ANNETTE FASHIONS CO., Dept. GE144
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☐ Rush______________NYLON girdles ☐ Panty ☐ Regular. I will pay postman only $3.98 each ($4.98 for waist sizes 31-39.) plus postage. Send______________extra crotches at 49c each C.O.D. plus postage. If not completely satisfied I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

☐ Small 23-25. ☐ Medium 26-27. ☐ Large 28-30.
☐ X Large 31-33. ☐ XX Large 34-36. ☐ XXX Large 37-39.

Check color: ☐ Nude ☐ White ☐ Blue ☐ Black

☐ Check here if you enclose money now. We pay postage. Same refund guarantee.

Name______________________________

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TRY THIS DARING NEW STRAPLESS BONED BRA-FREE

HERE is the most daring, most comfortable, most glamorizing bra you've ever worn! Its secret is a narrow flexible plastic boning through the center of the satin cups that uplifts and supports, molds the breast to enchantingly lovely lines. No straps, no wires, no gadgets. And it won't slip or sag—guaranteed to do amazing things for your figure, or it costs you nothing! Colors nude, black, blue, and white. *Sizes:* A cup—30-36; B cup—32-36.

EXAMINE IT 5 DAYS FREE!

Send only name and address. Pay postman only $1.98 plus postage on arrival. You must be delighted or may return within 5 days for full purchase price refund. Order NOW!

ANNETTE FASHIONS CO., Dept. BE144
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Rush________STRAPLESS BONED BRAS for five days' free trial. I will pay postman only $1.98 each, plus postage.

Bust Size________Cup Size________Color________

NAME______________________________

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☐ I enclose $1.98 each for__________Bras. Postage prepaid.

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UP TO 5 lbs. A WEEK

YET **EAT PLENTY!**

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NO MASSAGE

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Absolutely HARMLESS and Actually GOOD FOR YOU!

The New, Scientific Way to

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Feel full of pep and energy. Overcome that tired feeling this Doctor Approved Way!

REDUCE 10-20-30-LBS.

AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH! WE GUARANTEE THESE STATEMENTS OR YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY!

Don't be denied a beautiful, attractive figure. Lose ugly excess fat easily, quickly, pleasantly, safely—we guarantee it! KELPIDINE does the work with little effort on your part, is ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS and supplies a food mineral which is VITAL for balanced nutrition. KELPIDINE IS GOOD FOR YOU! It decreases your appetite, gives you more energy, vitality and vigor. YOU'LL ENJOY REDUCING THIS WAY! Proven results are shown quickly. Many report losing 15, 20, 30 pounds and even more in a few short weeks. With KELPIDINE, ugly fat and extra inches seem to disappear like magic. Kelpidine (fucus) is the only known food product listed in medical dictionaries as an ANTI-FAT, AND AS AN AID IN REDUCING. A United States Government Agency classifies KELPIDINE as a food. It is safe and brings remarkable results quickly and easily.

"My Grateful Thanks to *Kelpidine*. In just a few weeks I lost 3 inches thru the waistline and hips. It's amazing." Mary Brown, N. Y. C.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

$2

If Kelpidine doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose as much weight as you want to lose, if you're not 100% delighted with the results. YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED AT ONCE.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

FREE

The famous Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan which has helped many lose 20, 30 and up to 40 pounds, quickly and safely will be sent absolutely FREE with your order.

American Healthaids Co., Dept. T11
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once for **$2 cash**, check or money order, one month's supply of Kelpidine Tablets, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

Name____________________________

Address____________________________

City________________State__________

☐ I enclose $5. Send three months' supply.

ADVERTISEMENT

"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only *promised* her relief—but *gave* it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours —*take my word for it!*—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 85 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment *must* work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.